



LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.—NO. 1127.—6 JANUARY, 1865.

*An Address\* on the Limits of Education, read before the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, November 16, 1865. BY JACOB BIGELOW, M.D.*

IN 1829 a volume was published in Boston bearing the name of "Elements of Technology." This name was not then in use nor was it generally understood, except by those who drew its meaning from its etymology. It was not in Johnson's Dictionary, nor yet in Rees's Cyclopædia. In Worcester's Dictionary, where it now has a place, no older authority is cited for its support than that of the volume alluded to. Its analogue indeed was extant in some other languages, and fifty years ago was published in Latin among the "Theses" of the graduating class of Harvard College. But its revival for the use of English readers had to be justified by the assertion that it might be found in some of the older dictionaries.

Such, less than forty years ago, was the doubtful tenure in English literature of a word which now gives name in this city to a vigorous and popular institution, a large endowment, a magnificent edifice, and at the same time a great and commanding department of scientific study in every quarter of the civilized world.

It has happened in regard to technology that in the present century and almost under our own eyes, it has advanced with greater strides than any other agent of civilization, and has done more than any science to enlarge the boundaries of profitable knowledge, to extend the dominion of mankind over nature, to economize and to utilize both labor and time, and thus to add indefinitely to the effective and available length of human existence. And next to the influence of Christianity on our moral nature, it has had a leading sway in promoting the progress and happiness of our race.

\* At a meeting of the MASSACHUSETTS INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY, held on the 16th inst., it was VOTED, That the thanks of the Institute be presented to Dr. BIGELOW, for the interesting and instructive Address by him read this evening, and that, with his permission, the same be printed for and at the expense of the Institute.

Attest,

THOMAS H. WEBB, SECRETARY.

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To appreciate what has been done by the applied sciences operating through their dependent and associate arts, we have only to go back a little more than two thirds of a century, to the times of Franklin and Washington, and in many cases to those of our own immediate fathers. In those days of small things, men were compelled to pass their lives in a sort of destitution which in this age of scientific luxury would be considered a state of semi-barbarism. The means of domestic convenience, personal neatness, easy locomotion, rapid intelligence, agreeable warmth, abundant light, physical as well as intellectual, were things wished and waited for, but not yet found.

To us, their effeminate descendants, it might be painfully interesting to witness the efforts of these hardy and much enduring people to procure warmth in their dwellings, by the scorching and freezing of their alternate sides, under the blast that swept from many apertures towards the current of a vast open chimney. And this state of things was hardly bettered by the established zero temperature of an unwarmed church, or the irrespirable atmosphere of a stove-heated school room or country court house. Our recent progenitors read their dusky and infrequent newspaper by the light of a tallow candle, and groped their way through dark and unpaved streets under the guidance of a peripatetic lantern. If in summer they desired a draught of cold water, there was no ice; and if in winter they wished for dry feet, there was no India rubber. If in darkness they sought for light, there was neither gas nor even lucifer matches.

Men were stationary in their habits and deliberate under their necessities. He who would communicate with a friend in a neighboring State might do it in a week, provided he could devote a preparatory week to seeking a safe private conveyance. And if any one had occasion to transport himself from one town or city to another, he could do it on a trusty saddlehorse, or still more rapidly in the organized relays of the Boston and New York stage coach "Despatch Line," which undertook to put him through

in less than a week. They who went down to the sea in ships could reach England from either of the above named ports in from one to two months if wind and weather were favorable. Literary productions were written out with a goosequill, and printed in a reasonable time by the labor of two men toiling at a hand-press. Housewives plied the spinning-wheel, the distaff and the shuttle, and webs of coarse texture grew into perceptible existence with a speed which might be compared to that of a growing vegetable. Beef was roasted on a revolving spit, turned round by a man, a dog, or a smoke jack. And what will hereafter be accounted still more strange, garments were made by sewing slowly together their constituent parts with a needle and thread.

I have taken technology as a leading exponent of the great advance which was to be made, and has been made, during the lifetime of some of us, in certain intellectual and practical improvements of mankind, in supplying the wants, overcoming the difficulties and increasing the elegances of life. To enumerate all these improvements would simply be to recount the great steps by which our own age has advanced to the elevated and privileged condition in which we now see it. And yet, although the practical arts, in the hands of science, have taken the lead in the great visible changes of the present century, it would be presumptuous to call technology the only field from the cultivation of which mankind have obtained abundant and unlooked for harvests. In every other walk or sphere of science, literature, and refined humanity, the civilized world, with unflinching progress, has pushed forward, at the same time, its dominion over mind and matter.

It is the object of the present remarks to show that the amount of knowledge appropriate to civilization which now exists in the world is more than double, and in many cases more than tenfold, what it was about half a century ago, and that therefore no individual can expect to grasp in the limits of a lifetime even an elementary knowledge of the many provinces of old learning, augmented as they now are by the vast annexations of modern discovery. Still farther, education which represents the threshold of accessible knowledge, instead of being expanded, must be contracted in the number and amount of its requirements, so that while all its doors are freely kept open to those who possess time, opportunity and special aptitude or necessity, a part of them at least must be closed to those who do not possess those requisites.

If in the days of the ancient Greeks "life was short," while "art was long," how is it now, when life is not longer, but art, literature and science are immeasurably greater? How will it be in another half century, when new discoveries shall have arisen commensurate in their results, with those of electro-magnetism and of solar actinism, of modern optical combinations and geographical and geological explorations? How will it be with the discoveries of newly armed astronomers and the calculations of geometers yet to appear,—with revolutions stirred up by chemists among elements that have slumbered together since the creation,—with the augmented conversions of heat into force, driving innumerable mechanisms to minister to man's pleasure and power,—and more than all, how will it be with the cumbrous, vast and insurmountable weight of books, which shall render literary distinction a thing of chance, of uncertainty, perhaps even of impossibility.

A law which obtains in matter, obtains also in regard to the mind and its acquirements, that strength is not increased in proportion to magnitude. The static and dynamic strength of materials for the most part decreases as their bulk increases. A column or a bridge cannot be carried beyond a certain size without crushing or breaking its substance, and a whale, if unsupported by the surrounding water, would die from the pressure of his own weight. A small animal will leap many more times his length than a large one, and the integrity of his slender limbs will not be injured by the exertion. The useful development of a tree is known to be promoted by severe pruning, and where this is impossible, as in primeval forests, the trees prune themselves and attain greater height by the death of their under branches, the insufficient supply of sunlight being monopolized by the upper and dominant members at the expense of the lower. These examples, drawn both from inert and organic matter, may serve to illustrate the corresponding truth that human intellect, though varying in capacity in different individuals, has its limits in all plans of enlargement by acquisition, and that these limits cannot be transcended without aggregate deterioration in distracting the attention, overloading the memory or overworking the brain and sapping the foundations of health.

The school system of New England is at the present moment our glory and our shame. We feel a just pride that among us education is accessible to all, because

our public schools are open to the humblest persons. But in our zeal for general instruction, we sometimes forget that a majority of men and women must labor with their hands, that the world may not stand still, and that all may not lose by disuse the power to labor. We cannot train all our boys to be statesmen and divines, nor all our girls to be authors and lecturers or even teachers. We ought not, therefore, to drive them into the false position of expecting to attain by extraordinary effort a place which neither nature nor circumstances have made possible. Many unfortunate children have been ruined for life, in body and mind, by being stimulated with various inducements to make exertions beyond their age and mental capacity. A feeble frame and a nervous temperament are the too sure consequences of a brain overworked in childhood. Slow progress, rather than rapid growth, tends to establish vigor, health and happiness. It has always appeared to me that a desirable and profitable mode of school education would be one in which every hour of study should be offset by another hour of exercise required to be taken in the open air.

To illustrate the impossibility of making any one what may be called a general scholar, we need but to take a slight view of the extent and recent progress of a few of the most familiar and popular sciences at the present day. Let us take geography, which treats of the earth's external structure, and geology which treats of its internal. In the first of these the education of many of the present generation abounded in what are now found to be errors and defects. We were taught that the Andes were the highest mountains of the globe, and the Amazon the longest river. Discoverers had then stopped a thousand miles short of the sources of the Nile and of the Missouri. The Columbia and the Sacramento were geographical myths, while a fabulous Oregon or River of the West was laid down on the maps on the hearsay authority of Carver, displacing what are now the Rocky Mountains, and entering the Pacific Ocean about latitude 43°. The existence of the African Niger was known to the Romans, yet the Royal Geographical Society until 1830 did not know where it reached the ocean, though a hundred Englishmen at various times had laid down their lives in African deserts in fruitless attempts to resolve the mysterious problem. It was not until a still later period that the world knew that there was a continuous Arctic

Sea, or any thing like an Antarctic Continent.

But if so much has been done in the more difficult and inaccessible parts of our globe, how much more has been achieved in the parts accessible to settlement and cultivation. The American continent, the interior map of which was almost a blank at the close of our Revolution, is now profusely dotted with towns, cities, forts, post offices and rail stations, until the most diligent compiler of a *Gazetteer* is obliged to pause in despair at the manifest defects of his latest edition.

Geology may be considered as almost a creation of the present age. When Werner visited Paris, in 1802, it could hardly be said to consist of more than insulated observations with a few crude and unsettled theories. But now it has become a great, organized, and overshadowing department of science. In every language of Europe it has its voluminous systems and its unflinching periodicals. Societies of special organization carry forward its labors, and every country of the globe is traversed by its observers and collectors. The shelves of museums are weighed down by its accumulations, and in its palæontology alone the Greek language is exhausted to furnish facetious names for the continually developed species of antecedent creations.

Chemistry in a limited degree appears to have attracted the attention of the ancients, but of their proficiency in this pursuit we know more from their preserved relics and results than from their contemporaneous records. In modern times the chemists constitute a philosophical community having a language of their own, a history of their own, methods, pursuits and controversies of their own, and a domain which is coextensive with the materials of which our globe is made. Many men of gifted minds and high intellectual attainments, have devoted their lives to the prosecution of this science. Chemistry has unravelled the early mysteries of our planet, and has had a leading agency in changing the arts and the economy of human life. It now fills the civilized world with its libraries, laboratories and lecture-rooms. No individual can expect to study even its accessible books, still less to become familiar with its recorded facts. Yet chemistry is probably in its infancy, and opens one of the largest future fields for scientific cultivation.

Natural history in its common acceptance implies the investigation, arrangement and description of all natural bodies, in-

cluding the whole organized creation. If no other science existed but this, there would be labor enough and more than enough to employ for life the students and observers of the world. Each kingdom of organic nature already offers to our acquaintance its hundred thousand specific forms, and these are but the vanguard of a still greater multitude believed to cover the surface of countries yet unexplored, and to fill the mysterious recesses not yet penetrated by the microscope. And as far as we know, every one of these organisms, great or small, carries with it its parasites, to which it affords habitation and food, and which may be supposed not only to double but to multiply in an unknown ratio its original numbers. Again, when we reflect that every one of these species has its own anatomy, its physiology, its peculiar chemistry, its habits, its sensations, its modes of reproduction, its nutrition, its duration, its metamorphoses, its diseases and its final mode of destruction, — we may well despair of knowing much of the whole, when a single species might furnish materials of study for a human lifetime.

The foregoing are examples of the claim on our attention and study advanced by a portion only of the progressive sciences. They serve to develop truths and laws appertaining to the material earth, which truths and laws, must have existed had there never been minds to study them. The relations of number and figure, the laws of motion and rest, of gravity and affinity, of animal and vegetable life, must have been the same had the dominant race of man never appeared on earth. But there is another extensive class of scientific pursuits, the subjects of which are drawn from his own nature. He has devised metaphysics to illustrate the operations of his own mind. He has introduced ethical and political science to promote order and happiness, and military science to assist for a time at least in destroying both. He has built up history with "her volumes vast," which volumes are as yet a small thing compared with those that are to come. Under the name of news the press daily inundates the world with a million sheets of cotemporaneous history, for history and news, under small qualifications, are identical. The annals of the last four years may deserve as large a place in the attention of mankind as was due when the poet informed the Egyptian mummy that since his disease, "a Roman empire had begun and ended." The greatest part of what should have been history is unwritten, and of what

has been written the greatest part is of little general value. If all that has actually been committed to papyrus, parchment or paper had by chance been preserved from the effects of time and barbarism, the aggregate would be so vast and the interest so little, that the busy world could hardly turn aside for its examination from more absorbing and necessary pursuits.

But the world is not contented with history which states, or professes to state, the progress, arts, dates, successes and failures of distinguished men and nations. It requires further, the supplementary aid of fiction which finds facts, not in testimony, but in probability; not as they are recorded to have happened, but as they ought to have happened under the circumstances and with the actors. Fiction, moreover, not being restrained by the limits of circumstantial truth, is at liberty to seek embellishment from exaggeration, from ornament, from poetry, from dramatic utterance and passionate expression. Hence it has taken the lead in modern literature, and it is not probable that at this day the most accomplished bibliographer or bookseller could point the way to one-half of its multiplied and perishable productions.

There is neither time nor inducement to refer to the pseudo-sciences, which in all ages have made serious drafts upon the limited lifetime of man, nor to the ephemeral and unprofitable issues which consume his time and labor and wear out his strength. At the present day we have not much to fear from alchemy, palmistry or astrology, nor yet from spiritualism, homeopathy or mormonism. But it is not easy to prevent men from wasting their time in the pursuit of shadows, from substituting exceptions for general laws, from believing things, not because they are probable, but because they are wonderful and entertaining. Still less can we divert them from yielding to the guidance of an excited will, from following prejudices or creating them, from adopting one side of a controversy or party strife for no better reason than that some other party has adopted the opposite.

It would be unnecessary to add to what has already been said, even an inventory of other studies, which present seducing but interminable claims on the life and labour of man. It would be vain to open the flood gates of philology, and to follow the thousand rills of language which have intersected and troubled each other ever since they left their fountains at Babel. And we pause in humility before the very portals of astronomy, which has revealed to us that



we roll and revolve, and perhaps again revolve, around we know not what. And helpless as animalcules on the surface of a floating globule, we are ever striving to see, to explore, and to mark our way through the "starry dust" of infinite space. Strong and devoted minds have piled up unreadable tomes, the result of their life-long studies and observations, yet few, save the professional and the initiated, attempt to invade the recondite sanctuary of their deposit.

Thus the immense amount of knowledge, general and special, true and fictitious, salutary and detrimental, the record of which is already in existence, has grown into an insurmountable accumulation, a *terra incognita*, which from its very magnitude is inaccessible to the inquiring world. Hence the economy of the age has introduced the labor-saving machinery of periodical literature, which, by substituting compendiums and reviews for the more bulky originals, has seemed to smooth the up-hill track of knowledge and lighten the Sisyphæan load of its travellers. But periodical literature, useful or frivolous as it may be, and indispensable as it undoubtedly is, has become by its very success inflated to an enormous growth, and bids fair in its turn to transcend the overtaxed powers of attention of those for whose use it is prepared. Like our street cars, while it helps forward to their destination a multitude of struggling pedestrians, it substitutes pressure for exercise, and does not save the fatigue of those who are still obliged to stand that they may go. In looking forward to another century, it is curious to consider who will then review the reviews, and condense, redact and digest the compends of compendiums from which the life has already been pressed out by previous condensation.

Since these things are so,—since in the dying words of Laplace, "The known is little, but the unknown is immense," and

"Since life can little more supply  
Than just to look about us and to die,"

it is a question of paramount importance, how in this short period education can be made to conduce most to the progress, the efficiency, the virtue, and the welfare of man.

It is not presumptuous to say that education to be useful must, as far as possible, be made simple, limited, practicable, acceptable to the learner, adapted to his character and wants, and brought home to his particular case by *subdivision* and *selection*.

What is now called a liberal education is a term which means something and nothing. Among us it generally implies an attendance for four years upon the "curriculum" or course of studies prescribed and pursued in some incorporated college or university. This attendance may be punctual and thorough, or it may be negligent and unprofitable, so that while one student makes a limited acquirement of multifarious knowledge, another forgets a great part of what he knew on entering the college, and prepares to forget the rest as soon as he enters upon active life.

Subdivision and selection afford the principal avenues through which men arrive at success in the humbler as well as the more conspicuous walks of life. The mechanical labour of artisans is best performed, and its best results obtained, by distributing its duties among a multitude of special agents, and this is more or less successfully done in proportion as a society, or a craft, is more or less perfectly organized. So likewise in the higher or more intellectual pursuits of life, in which men procure bread by the labour of their heads instead of their hands, the number of learned professions has been within a short time wonderfully increased. In the days of our fathers the learned professions were accounted three in number,—Law, Physic, and Divinity. But now more than three times that number afford means of honorable subsistence to multitudes of duly educated persons. We have now a profession of authors, of editors, of lecturers, of teachers, of engineers, of chemists, of inventors, of architects and other artists; and to these may be added the better class of soldiers and politicians. And all these professions are again subdivided in proportion as society advances in its requirements.

For precisely the same reason that it would not be profitable for experts in a mechanical vocation to distract and dissipate their attention among pursuits alien to their tastes and qualifications, it can hardly be advantageous for pupils and neophytes in learning, to undertake to make themselves competent representatives of the various sciences, the literary studies, the languages, dead and living, which are now professedly taught in our colleges and seminaries. Every individual is by nature comparatively qualified to succeed in one path of life, and comparatively disqualified to shine in another. The first step in education should be for the parties most interested, to study, and as far as possible to ascertain, the peculiar bent and capacity of a boy's mind. This being done, he should be put upon a

course of intellectual and physical training corresponding, as far as possible, to that for which nature seems to have designed him. But in all cases a preparatory general elementary education, such as is furnished by our common schools, must be made a prerequisite even to qualify him to inquire. The more thorough this preparatory training is made, the better it is for the student. But after this is completed a special or departmental course of studies should be selected, such as appears most likely to conduct him to his appropriate sphere of usefulness. Collateral studies of different kinds may always be allowed, but they should be subordinate and subsidiary, and need not interfere with the great objects of his special education.

A common college education now culminates in the student becoming what is called a master of arts. But this in a majority of instances means simply a master of nothing. It means that he has spent much time and some labor in besieging the many doors of the temple of knowledge, without effecting an entrance at any of them. In the practical life which he is about to follow he will often have occasion to lament, be he ever so exemplary and diligent, that he has wasted on subjects irrelevant to his vocation, both time and labor, which, had they been otherwise devoted, would have prepared and assisted him in the particular work he is called on to do.

Young men, as well as their parents in their behalf, are justly ambitious of a collegiate education. Older men often regret that they have not had the opportunity to receive it when young. And this is because of the generally acknowledged fact, that four years, spent under the tuition of faithful, accomplished and gentlemanly teachers, can hardly fail to improve their character, language and bearing, as well as their store of useful knowledge. It is the habitual contact and guidance of superior minds, as well as the progressive attrition with each other, which make young men proficient in rectitude, in honor, in science, in polite literature, in tact, and in manners. And this result will appear, whether they have been taught French at West Point, or Greek in Harvard or Yale.

It is the province of the Institute of Technology, so largely and liberally sustained by the Legislature, by the munificence of individuals, and by the untiring labors of its distinguished president, to endeavor within its sphere to assist in providing for the educational wants of the most practical and progressive people that the world has seen. By its

programme of instruction a separate path is provided for all who require to accomplish themselves in any one or more of the especial branches of useful knowledge. It would not be just to ignore the fact that the same thing has long been doing in several of our larger universities, where the practical sciences and the modern languages are extensively taught. But these time-honored institutions exceed some of their younger associates in this respect, that under the name of classical literature they premise and afterwards carry on a cumbrous burden of dead languages, kept alive through the dark ages and now stereotyped in England by the persistent conservatism of a privileged order. I cannot here say much to add to the lucid, scholarly and convincing exposition of the state of education as it now is in the great schools of England, given in a recent lecture before this Institute, by one of its professors, on the subject of classical and scientific studies.\* No one who examines this discourse can fail to be impressed with the injudicious exactions made in favor of the dead languages in the English schools and universities, their superfluity as means of intellectual training, and their limited applicability to the wants of the present advanced generation.

I would not underrate the value or interest of classical studies. They give pleasure, refinement to taste, breadth to thought, and power and copiousness to expression. Any one who in this busy world has not much else to do, may well turn over by night and by day the "exemplaria Græca." But if, in a practical age and country, he is expected to get a useful education, a competent living, an enlarged power of serving others, or even of saving them from being burdened with his support, he can hardly afford to surrender four or five years of the most susceptible part of life to acquiring a minute familiarity with tongues which are daily becoming more obsolete, and each of which is obtained at the sacrifice of some more important science or some more desirable language. It may not be doubted that a few years devoted to the study of Greek will make a man a more elegant scholar, a more accomplished philologist, a more accurate and affluent writer, and, if all other things conspire, a more finished orator. But of themselves they will not make him what the world now demands, a better citizen, a more sagacious statesman, a more far-sighted economist, a more able financier, more skilful engineer, manufacturer, merchant, or military commander.

\*Professor W. Atkinson.

They will not make him a better mathematician, physicist, agriculturist, chemist, navigator, physician, lawyer, architect, painter, or musician. The ancient Greeks knew but little, though they knew how to express that little well. The moderns know a great deal more, and know how to express it intelligibly. Antiquity has produced many great men. Modern times have produced equally great men, and more of them.

It is common at the present day to say that the Greek language disciplines the mind, extends the compass and application of thought, and that, by its copiousness, and by its versatility of inflection and arrangement it trains the mind to a better comprehension of words, thoughts, and things. All this is no doubt true, and might have great weight as a governing motive in education, were it not that the same ends can be more cheaply obtained by the agency of other means. Unfortunately for the supremacy of classical literature, all civilized countries are at this moment full of distinguished men and women who write well and speak well, and who have never acquired the learned languages. It is easy to say that such persons would have been more distinguished if they had known the classics. It is easy to say that Laplace would have been a better mathematician, and Faraday a better chemist, if by chance they had been duly instructed in Greek. But this is gratuitous assumption. The contrary result is more probable, inasmuch as the pursuit of classical literature would have abstracted just so much time from more pertinent and profitable investigations. At this day nobody believes that Watt would have made a better steam engine, or Stephenson a better locomotive, if they had been taught philosophy by Plato himself.

The ancient languages, if applied to use, are not adequate to supply the wants of modern cultivation. Truth and things have grown faster than words. Modern customs, arts and sciences can be expressed in French or German, but not in Greek and Latin. A French writer, Professor Goffaux, has undertaken to translate Robinson Crusoe into Latin. The translation is successful as far as easy diction and pure latinity are concerned. But the language of the Romans is at fault in the islands of the Pacific, and new words must be coined to express even imperfectly things which are not coeval with the language employed. The world-renowned "man Friday" is introduced to us under the vicarious name of "Vendredi," and when Friday goes a shoot-

ing he loads his "sclopetum" with "pulvis nitralis." If modern Greece should ever become a first-class power among the nations, it will have to complete, as it is now trying to do, a vocabulary of new terms to express the arts and commerce, the facts and fancies, the business and belles lettres of the existing time. In other words, it must reinforce its language with a new half, not found in the ancient classics.

The admiration of the old Romans for the Greek language and literature had its origin in the fact that in that age of limited civilization they found not much else of the kind to admire. They looked to Greece as the fountain of what had been achieved in art, philosophy, poetry and eloquence. Of consequence it was chosen as the great place of resort for educational objects, and Athens became the emporium of literary and philosophic instruction. But the Roman youth would never have been sent to Athens, had there been, as now, a railroad to take them to Paris, or a steamship to bring them to America. They would not have consumed their time in the groves of Academus, if they could have gained admittance to the École Polytechnique, or to the Royal Institution.

At the present day we relish the Greek language, from the mingled impression not only of its own superiority, but of the pleasure it gives us and the pains it has cost us. We relish it as the musician enjoys his music, the mathematician his geometry, and the antiquarian his diggings. We are pleased that it has been preserved with its euphonious intonations, its copious expressiveness, and its noble literature. We know that the spirit of Homer cannot be translated into English, any more than the soul of Shakspeare can be done into Greek. All languages have their idiomatic expressions of thought, and in all of them translation has a killing effect on the strong points of literature. In the opera of Macbeth the term "hell broth" in the witch scene, is rendered in Italian as "polto inferno." And on the opposite page of the libretto, it is served up afresh in English as "infernal soup." It is highly probable that the half savage accomplishments of Homer's heroes and gods cannot be made duly appreciable in the English tongue. Nevertheless, the modern world can get on without them, and we may be excused for believing that if the study of Greek should be abandoned as a requisite in our universities, although it would still be cultivated, like other exceptional studies, with success and delight by a few devotees, yet our practical, bustling

and overcrowded generation would never again postpone more useful occupations to adopt it as an indispensable academical study.

In regard to success in the world at the present day, it is not an academic education, however desirable in any shape it may be, that gives a man access to the confidence and general favor of his fellow-men, or to the influential posts of society. It is native talent, reliability, perseverance and indomitable will, that conduct him to the high places of the world. In all countries, and most of all in our own country, a contest continually goes on between academic education and self-education, the education that comes from without and the education that comes from within. The much cultivated boy, who under favor of advantages, performs faithfully his allotted tasks, who fulfils the requirements of his teachers, who is accustomed to subordinate his own judgment to the dictation of others; although he may hold a high rank in the scale of proficiency and the amount of acquisition, is liable on arriving at manhood, to continue to lean rather than to lead, and thence to occupy a secondary place in the struggle for worldly distinction. On the other hand, the neglected but independent youth, who is brought up in the suggestive school of necessity, who becomes original and inventive because his life is a continued contest with difficulties, who balances character against opportunity, and individual vigor and patience against external guidance; such an one, from the habit of directing himself, becomes more competent to direct others, and to wear more easily offices of trust and responsibility. It is remarkable how many of our distinguished men have been self-educated, or at least without academic education. Franklin was a philosopher, Washington a statesman, Patrick Henry an orator, but not by the grace of classical education. Henry Clay knew nothing of the Greek language, nor did probably Thomas Benton. Andrew Jackson and Andrew Johnson had rougher nursing than that of an alma mater. Rumford, Bowditch and Fulton did not develop their intellects under the shades of academic seclusion. And if we were to go abroad for examples, we should find that Napoleon was no classical scholar, and that Peter the Great, when he issued from his lair at Moscow to study the civilization of Western Europe, did not repair to the universities of Cambridge and Oxford, but entered as a working mechanic in the shipyards of Saardam and Deptford.

We need not regret that our country is

the field of wholesome competition between the well taught and the self-taught, between advantage on the one side and energy on the other, between early development under assistance and slow maturity under difficulties. The success of either condition awakens and stimulates the zeal of the other.

There are many persons who even in this age speak in terms of derogation of what are called utilitarian studies, in contrast with classical and ideal literature, as if pursuits which tend directly to the preservation and happiness of man were less worthy of his attention than those which may be founded in fancy, exaggeration and passion. Poetry, art and fiction have sought for the beautiful and sublime in creations which are imaginary and often untrue, which "o'er inform the pencil and the pen," and attract because they are mysterious and inaccessible. But in the present age, fact has overtaken fancy and passed beyond it. We have no need to create new miracles, nor imagine them, when the appetite for wonder is more than satiated with reality, and objects of delight and amazement confront us in the walks of daily life. I know nothing in nature or art more beautiful than a railroad train, when it shoots by us with a swiftness that renders its inmates invisible, and winds off its sinuous way among mountains and forests, spanning abysses, cleaving hills asunder, and travelling onward to its destination, steadily, smoothly, unerringly, as a migratory bird advances to the polar regions. And I know of nothing more sublime than in the hold of an ocean steamship, to look on the mightiest emergency that has been raised by man, as it wields its enormous limbs like a living thing, and heaves and pants and rolls and plunges, — urged onward by the struggling of the imprisoned elements.

The traveller passes daily by the never-ending rows of posts and wires which mark the pathway of the electric telegraph, until at length by their very frequency they are blended in the inert features of the landscape and cease to attract attention. Yet, all the while, invisible thought is riding on those wires, and mind is answering to mind over a thousand miles of distance.

The half fabulous siege of Troy has been made immortal in the epics of Homer and Virgil, and we are led by their poetry to admire the achievements of heathen gods and of heroes descended from them. We stand in awe at the exploits of primitive warriors with the same emotions with which we afterwards mark in history the real deeds and eras of great military command-



ers. But however much we may be impressed with the imagined spectacle of a host of disciplined barbarians fighting with swords and bucklers, we cannot keep out of sight that they would have been chaff before the wind in the presence of modern military science. Ulysses and Agamemnon were ten years in taking the city of Troy. Ulysses Grant with his batteries would have taken it in ten minutes. Artists, historians and poets depict even now the memorable battles of Alexander and Cæsar. But half a dozen shells would have scattered the Macedonian phalanx, and the Roman Empire could not have stood many days after a modern war steamer should have found its way up the Tiber.

The march of military improvement has not yet halted in its course. The great war of American conservation has been eminently a war of science, and has changed by its inventions the whole face of modern conflicts. Huge forts and strong war ships no longer protect harbors from the inroads of invulnerable enemies. The wooden walls of England, so long her defence and her boast, like the walls of Jericho, have fallen flat before the sound of the distant crashing of rams and monitors and torpedoes. If the time shall ever come when classical readers shall tire at the monotonous championship of Trojans, Greeks and Rutulians, they will kindle with wonder over that miracle of romance and reality, "The Bay Fight" of Mobile, by Henry Howard Brownell.

It is the duty of educational institutions to adapt themselves to the wants of the place and time in which they exist. It needs no uncommon penetration to see that we are now living in a great transition period, and that the world is resting its future hopes, and quieting its future fears in reliance on an educated and enlightened democracy. When Andrew Johnson, at the inauguration ceremony of 1865, somewhat hastily declared himself a plebeian, dependent on the will of the people, and applied the same impeachment to his fellow functionaries, — like Paul of old, he was not mad, but spoke forth the words of truth and soberness. The last few years of history, the greatest and most momentous that the world has ever witnessed, bear testimony to the power of an educated common people to perceive and to carry forward their own true interests. Against the wiles of an astute and determined oligarchy, against the frowns of foreign privileged orders, amid the vicissitudes of good and evil fortune, this great people have advanced to their final triumph, not of revolution but of conservation, under

the guidance of men like themselves, of men who had been cleavers of wood and sewers of garments, who had wrought as farmers, as tanners, and as homely manufacturers, who knew the genius and character of their constituents and the roads through which they were to be conducted to natural and necessary success.

At this moment no nation of the globe can be called more truly powerful than one which has peacefully absorbed into its interior depths half a million of veterans, with discipline in their history, arms in their hands and education in their heads. The most formidable ruler whom the world now knows, is a self-educated man, who could hardly read and write at the age of twenty.

It is a fact so generally admitted, in this country at least, as to have become almost a truism, that prescriptive and hereditary positions are declining in social influence. Personal unworthiness or incompetency cannot be covered up by personal privilege. It is better to be the founder of a great name, than its disreputable survivor. When a marshal of France, Duke of Abrantes and Governor of Paris, was reminded by others of the obscurity of his birth, he proudly replied, "*Moi je suis mon ancêtre*" (I am my own ancestor). In this great and original country, which is now treading in the van of a new reformation, we have thousands yet untaught, who are to become ancestors in fame, ancestors in fortune, ancestors in science, ancestors in virtue. May their descendants be worthy of them.

These are the men who may well claim to "constitute a State." They are, as it were, the granite substratum which underlies the rich coal fields and the arable soils of the earth's exterior surface. Like that they will last when softer and richer tracts shall have been swept away. Yet a continent as extensive and various as ours should be capable of furnishing all soils and materials for all needful and desirable productions. When the necessities which sustain life are provided, the luxuries which adorn and gratify it must follow in their order. "In every country," says Buckle, "as soon as the accumulation of wealth has reached a certain point, the produce of each man's labor becomes more than sufficient for his support; it is no longer necessary that all should work; and there is found a separate class, the members of which pass their lives for the most part in the pursuit of pleasure; a very few, however, in the acquisition and diffusion of knowledge." This statement is a good exposition of the law which rules in the affairs of this country; it contains the

danger and the safety, the bane and the antidote, of our social destiny. In a nation in which "the government is made for the people, and not the people for the government," whose fundamental requisite is "the greatest good of the greatest number," education, elementary and practical, such as common schools can furnish, must be made accessible to all who can be withdrawn, either from labor or idleness, for a sufficient time to realize its advantage. Afterwards those whom favor of fortune or strength of will has qualified to approach higher paths of intellectual culture should be encouraged, assisted and excited to enter and occupy either one or many of the more difficult fields of literature and science, preferring those that best harmonize with the adopted path which is to be the occupation of life. And as to the residuary class, not numerous in any country, to whom is left the option of pursuing pleasure or knowledge, it is fortunate when there is judgment enough to perceive that these two objects can be identified in one pursuit. Knowledge is never so successfully cultivated as when it becomes a pleasure, and no pleasure is more permanent than the successful pursuit of knowledge, combined, as it should be, with moral progress. Natural gifts and variations of aptitude qualify men to tread with advantage the special paths of art and science; and such gifts are most frequently born in and with them, and cannot be imparted from without. A musical ear, an artistic eye and a poetic sense are not to be created in any man. We might as well expect to endow him with the sagacity of the hound, the quick ear of the hare, or the lightning sense of danger which preserves and insures the perilous life of the summer insect.

The man of robust though ungainly frame, may make a first-rate labourer; the slender, shy and delicate youth may shine in the walks of literature; the man of strong voice and prompt and comprehensive intellect may take precedence as an orator. But transpose these conditions, and we have a result of mistakes and failures. What God hath put asunder, man cannot well join together.

I have dwelt on the importance of a special and well selected path of study as leading to success in education, and not less in subsequent life. Nevertheless, the necessity of absolute confinement to this path is to be accepted with great modifications. A

youth with vigorous and varied powers will not easily restrict himself to a beaten track, but as his mind grows he will become discursive in his aspirations. He will carry along with him, not only the adopted or select pursuits which has enabled him to serve, to impress or to excel others, but he will also be prompted, both before and after he has grown up, to entertain himself and to extend his relations with those who surround him, by devoting his surplus time, which his very success has given him, to the enlargement of his sphere of occupation. Every professional man, however efficient and prosperous he may be in the discharge of his daily routine, must have, if he would not rust, some collateral pursuits, some by-play of life, in which he may recreate himself and keep up a wholesome freshness by intercourse with congenial minds, and at times with the ideal world. Our country has been called in reproach the arena of a cultivated mediocrity. Happy would it be if all mankind could be brought up even to that level. A cultivated mediocrity is the boundless soil from out of which must spring at times the vigorous and favored shoots of genius, sparse and exceptional though they may be, yet sufficient to supply the just needs of mankind,—various and eccentric in their character, yet conspiring to dignify and ennoble our race. Men cannot all be geniuses, yet there are many in whom exist the germs of art, poetry and eloquence, the love of beauty, the sense of the ideal, and the perception of the unseen. These are the men who, when discovered and brought out, delight, attract, and impress the world; who are generally appreciated, though not often followed; whose presence and inspiration are necessary to the enjoyment and the upward progress of the human race. They spread the sails in the adventurous and perilous voyage of life, while others hold the helm and labor at the ropes.

Our country, with its vast territory, its inviting regions, its various population, its untrammelled freedom, looks forward now to a future which hitherto it has hardly dared to anticipate. Let us hopefully await the period when the world shall do homage to our national refinement, as it now does to our national strength; when the column shall have received its Corinthian capital; and when the proportions of the native oak shall be decorated, but not concealed, by the cultivated luxuriance of vines and flowers.

## CHAPTER XXVII.

## ONCE MORE BACK TO BELTON.

WHEN the carriage was driven away, Sir Anthony and Captain Aylmer were left standing alone at the hall door of the house. The servants had slunk off, and the father and son, looking at each other, felt that they also must slink away, or else have some words together on the subject of their guest's departure. The younger gentleman would have preferred that there should be no words, but Sir Anthony was curious to know something of what had passed in the house during the last few days. "I'm afraid things are not going quite comfortable," he said.

"It seems to me, sir," said his son, "that things very seldom do go quite comfortable."

"But, Fred, — what is it all about? Your mother says that Miss Amedroz is behaving very badly."

"And Miss Amedroz says that my mother is behaving very badly."

"Of course; that's only natural. And what do you say?"

"I say nothing, sir. The less said the soonest mended."

"That's all very well; but it seems to me that you, in your position, must say something. The long and the short of it is this. Is she to be your wife?"

"Upon my word, sir, I don't know."

They were still standing out under the portico, and as Sir Anthony did not for a minute or two ask any further questions, Captain Aylmer turned as though he were going into the house. But his father had still a word or two to say. "Stop a moment, Fred. I don't often trouble you with advice."

"I am sure I'm always glad to hear it when you offer any."

"I know very well that in most things your opinion is better than mine. You've had advantages which I never had. But I've had more experience than you, my dear boy. It stands to reason that in some things I must have had more experience than you." There was a tone of melancholy in the father's voice as he said this which quite touched his son, and which brought the two closer together out in the porch. "Take my word for it," continued Sir Anthony, "that you are much better off as you are than you could be with a wife."

"Do you mean to say that no man should marry?"

"No; I don't mean to say that. An eldest son ought to marry, so that the property may have an heir. And poor men should marry, I suppose, as they want wives to do for them. And sometimes, no doubt, a man must marry, — when he has got to be very fond of a girl, and has compromised himself, and all that kind of thing. I would never advise any man to sully his honour." As Sir Anthony said this he raised himself a little with his two sticks and spoke out in a bolder voice. The voice, however, sank again as he descended from the realms of honour to those of prudence. "But none of these cases are yours, Fred. To be sure you'll have the Perivale property; but that is not a family estate, and you'll be much better off by turning it into money. And in the way of comfort, you can be a great deal more comfortable without a wife than you can with one. What do you want a wife for? And then, as to Miss Amedroz, — for myself I must say that I like her uncommonly. She has been very pleasant in her ways with me. But, — somehow or another I don't think you are so much in love with her but what you can do without her." Hereupon he paused and looked his son full in the face. Fred had also been thinking of the matter in his own way, and asking himself the same question, — whether he was in truth so much in love with Clara that he could not live without her. "Of course I don't know," continued Sir Anthony, "what has taken place just now between you and her, or what between her and your mother; but I suppose the whole thing might fall through without any further trouble to you, — or without anything unhandsome on your part?" But Captain Aylmer still said nothing. The whole thing might, no doubt, fall through, but he wished to be neither unjust nor ungenerous, — and he specially wished to avoid anything unhandsome. After a further pause of a few minutes, Sir Anthony went on again, pouring forth the words of experience. "Of course marriage is all very well. I married rather early in life, and have always found your mother to be a most excellent woman. A better woman doesn't breathe. I'm as sure of that as I am of anything. But God bless me, — of course you can see. I can't call anything my own. I'm tied down here and I can't move. I've never got a shilling to spend, while all these lazy hounds about the place are eating me up. There isn't a clerk with a hundred a year in London that isn't better off than I am as regards ready money. And what comfort have I in a big house, and no end of gardens, and a

place like this? What pleasures do I get out of it? That comes of marrying and keeping up one's name in the county respectably! What do I care for the county? D—the county! I often wish that I'd been a younger son,—as you are.”

Captain Aylmer had no answer to make to all this. It was, no doubt, the fact that age and good living had made Sir Anthony altogether incapable of enjoying the kind of life which he desiderated, and that he would probably have eaten and drunk himself into his grave long since had that kind of life been within his reach. This, however, the son could not explain to the father. But in fitting, as he endeavoured to do, his father's words to his own case, Captain Aylmer did perceive that a bachelor's life might perhaps be the most suitable to his own peculiar case. Only he would do nothing unhandsome. As to that he was quite resolved. Of course Clara must show herself to be in some degree amenable to reason and to the ordinary rules of the world; but he was aware that his mother was hot-tempered, and he generously made up his mind that he would give Miss Amédroz even yet another chance.

At the hotel in London Clara found a short note from Mrs. Askerton, in which she was warmly assured that everything should be done to make her comfortable at the cottage as long as she should please to stay there. But the very warmth of affection thus expressed made her almost shrink from what she was about to do. Mrs. Askerton was no doubt anxious for her coming; but would her cousin Will Belton approve of the visit; and what would her cousin Mary say about it? If she was being driven into this step against her own approval, by the insolence of Lady Aylmer,—if she was doing this thing simply because Lady Aylmer had desired her not to do it, and was doing it in opposition to the wishes of the man she had promised to marry as well as in her own judgment, there could not but be cause for shrinking. And yet she believed that she was right. If she could only have had some one to tell her,—some one to whom she could trust implicitly to direct her! She had hitherto been very much prone to rebel against authority. Against her aunt she had rebelled, and against her father, and against her lover. But now she wished with all her heart that there might be some one to whom she could submit with perfect faith. If she could only know what her cousin Will would think. In him she thought she could have trusted with that

perfect faith;—if only he would have been a brother to her.

But it was too late now for doubting, and on the next day she found herself getting out of the old Redicote fly, at Colonel Askerton's door. He came out to meet her, and his greeting was very friendly. Hitherto there had been no great intimacy between him and her, owing rather to the manner of life adopted by him than to any cause of mutual dislike between them. Mrs. Askerton had shown herself desirous of some social intercourse since she had been at Belton, but with Colonel Askerton there had been nothing of this. He had come there intending to live alone, and had been satisfied to carry out his purpose. But now Clara had come to his house as a guest, and he assumed towards her altogether a new manner. “We are so glad to have you,” he said, taking both her hands. Then she passed on into the cottage, and in a minute was in her friend's arms.

“Dear Clara;—dearest Clara, I am so glad to have you here.”

“It is very good of you.”

“No, dear; the goodness is with you to come. But we won't quarrel about that. We will both be ever so good. And he is so happy that you should be here. You'll get to know him now. But come up stairs. There's a fire in your room, and I'll be your maid for the occasion,—because then we can talk.” Clara did as she was bid and went up stairs; and as she sat over the fire while her friend knelt beside her,—for Mrs. Askerton was given to such kneelings,—she could not but tell herself that Belton Cottage was much more comfortable than Aylmer Park. During the whole time of her sojourn at Aylmer Park no word of real friendship had once greeted her ears. Everything there had been cold and formal, till coldness and formality had given way to violent insolence.

“And so you have quarrelled with her ladyship,” said Mrs. Askerton. “I knew you would.”

“I have not said anything about quarrelling with her.”

“But of course you have. Come, now; don't make yourself disagreeable. You have had a downright battle;—have you not?”

“Something very like it, I'm afraid.”

“I am so glad,” said Mrs. Askerton, rubbing her hands.

“That is ill-natured.”

“Very well. Let it be ill-natured. One isn't to be good-natured all round, or what

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would be the use of it. And what sort of woman is she?"

"Oh dear; I couldn't describe her. She is very large, and wears a great wig, and manages everything herself, and I've no doubt she's a very good woman in her own way."

"I can see her at once;—and a very pillar of virtue as regards morality and going to church. Poor me! Does she know that you have come here?"

"I've no doubt she does. I did not tell her, nor would I tell her daughter; but I told Captain Aylmer."

"That was right. That was very right. I'm so glad of that. But who would doubt that you would show a proper spirit. And what did he say?"

"Not much, indeed."

"I won't trouble you about him. I don't in the least doubt but all that will come right. And what sort of man is Sir Anthony?"

"A common-place sort of a man; very gouty, and with none of his wife's strength. I liked him the best of them all."

"Because you saw the least of him, I suppose."

"He was kind in his manner to me."

"And they were like she-dragons. I understand it all, and can see them just as though I had been there. I felt that I knew what would come of it when you first told me that you were going to Aylmer Park. I did, indeed. I could have prophesied it all."

"It would have done no good;—and your going there has done good. It has opened your eyes to more than one thing, I don't doubt. But tell me,—have you told them in Norfolk that you were coming here?"

"No;—I have not written to my cousin."

"Don't be angry with me if I tell you something. I have."

"Have what?"

"I have told Mr. Belton that you were coming here. It was in this way. I had to write to him about our continuing in the cottage. Colonel Askerton always makes me write if it's possible, and of course we were obliged to settle something as to the place."

"I'm sorry you said anything about me."

"How could I help it? What would you have thought of me, or what would he have thought, if, when writing to him, I had not mentioned such a thing as your visit? Besides, it's much better that he should know."

"I am sorry that you said anything about it."

"You are ashamed that he should know that you are here," said Mrs. Askerton, in a tone of reproach.

"Ashamed! No; I am not ashamed. But I would sooner that he had not been told,—as yet. Of course he would have been told before long."

"But you are not angry with me?"

"Angry! How can I be angry with any one who is so kind to me?"

That evening passed by very pleasantly, and when she went again to her own room, Clara was almost surprised to find how completely she was at home. On the next day she and Mrs. Askerton together went up to the house, and roamed through all the rooms, and Clara seated herself in all the accustomed chairs. On the sofa, just in the spot to which Belton had thrown it, she found the key of the cellar. She took it up in her hand, thinking that she would give it to the servant; but again she put it back upon the sofa. It was his key, and he had left it there, and if ever there came an occasion she would remind him where he had put it. Then they went out to the cow, who was at her ease in a little home paddock. "Dear Bessey," said Clara. "See how well she knows me." But I think the tame little beast would have known any one else as well who had gone up to her as Clara did, with food in her hand. "She is quite as sacred as any cow that ever was worshipped among the cow-worshippers," said Mrs. Askerton. "I suppose they milk her and sell the butter, but otherwise she is not regarded as an ordinary cow at all." "Poor Bessey," said Clara. "I wish she had never come here. What is to be done with her?" "Done with her! She'll stay here till she dies a natural death, and then a romantic pair of mourners will follow her to her grave, mixing their sympathetic tears comfortably as they talk of the old days; and in future years, Bessey will grow to be a divinity of the past, never to be mentioned without tenderest reminiscences. I have not the slightest difficulty in prophesying as to Bessey's future life and posthumous honours." They roamed about the place the whole morning, through the garden and round the farm buildings, and in and out of the house; and at every turn something was said about Will Belton. But Clara would not go up to the rocks, although Mrs. Askerton more than once attempted to turn in that direction. He had said that he never would go there again

except under certain circumstances. She knew that those circumstances would never come to pass; but yet neither would she go there. She would never go there till her cousin was married. Then, if in those days she should ever be present at Belton Castle, she would creep up to the spot all alone, and allow herself to think of the old days.

On the following morning there came to her a letter bearing the Downham postmark, — but at the first glance she knew that it was not from her cousin Will. Will wrote with a bold round hand, that was extremely plain and caligraphic when he allowed himself time for the work in hand, as he did with the commencement of his epistles, but which would become confused and altogether anti-caligraphic when he fell into a hurry towards the end of his performance, — as was his wont. But the address of this letter was written in a pretty, small, female hand, — very careful in the perfection of every letter, and very neat in every stroke. It was from Mrs. Belton, between whom and Clara there had never hitherto been occasion for correspondence. The letter was as follows: —

“Plaistow Hall, April, 186—.

“MY DEAR COUSIN CLARA,

“William has heard from your friends at Belton, who are tenants on the estate, and as to whom there seems to be some question whether they are to remain. He has written, saying, I believe, that there need be no difficulty if they wish to stay there. But we learn, also, from Mrs. Askerton's letter, that you are expected at the cottage, and therefore I will address this to Belton, supposing that it may find you there.

“You and I have never yet known each other; — which has been a grief to me; but this grief, I hope, may be cured some day before long. I myself, as you know, am such a poor creature that I cannot go about the world to see my friends as other people do; — at least, not very well; and therefore I write to you with the object of asking you to come and see me here. This is an interesting old house in its way; and though I must not conceal from you that life here is very, very quiet, I would do my best to make the days pass pleasantly with you. I had heard that you were gone to Aylmer Park. Indeed, William told me of his taking you up to London. Now it seems you have left Yorkshire, and I suppose you will not return there very soon. If it be

so, will it not be well that you should come to me for a short time?

“Both William and I feel that just for the present, — for a little time, — you would perhaps prefer to be alone with me. He must go to London for a while, and then on to Belton, to settle your affairs and his. He intends to be absent for six weeks. If you would not be afraid of the dulness of this house for so long a time, pray come to us. The pleasure to me would be very great, and I hope that you have some of that feeling, which with me is so strong, that we ought not to be any longer personally strangers to each other. You could then make up your mind as to what you would choose to do afterwards. I think that by the end of that time, — that is, when William returns, — my uncle and aunt from Sleaford will be with us. He is a clergyman, you know; and if you then like to remain, they will be delighted to make your acquaintance.

“It seems to be a long journey for a young lady to make alone, from Belton to Plaistow; but travelling is so easy now-a-days, and young ladies seem to be so independent that you may be able to manage it. Hoping to see you soon, I remain

“Your affectionate Cousin,

“MARY BELTON.”

This letter she received before breakfast, and was therefore able to read it in solitude, and to keep its receipt from the knowledge of Mrs. Askerton, if she should be so minded. She understood at once all that it intended to convey, — a hint that Plaistow Hall would be a better resting-place for her than Mrs. Askerton's cottage; and an assurance that if she would go to Plaistow Hall for her convenience, no advantage should be taken of her presence there by the owner of the house for his convenience. As she sat thinking of the offer which had been made to her she fancied that she could see and hear her cousin Will as he discussed the matter with his sister, and with a half assumption of surliness declared his own intention of going away. Captain Aylmer after that interview in London had spoken of Belton's conduct as being unpardonable; but Clara had not only pardoned him, but had, in her own mind, pronounced his virtues to be so much greater than his vices as to make him almost perfect. “But I will not drive him out of his own house,” she said. “What does it matter where I go?”

“Colonel Askerton has had a letter from your cousin,” said Mrs. Askerton as soon as the two ladies were alone together.

"And what does he say?"

"Not a word about you."

"So much the better. I have given him trouble enough, and am glad to think that he should be free of me for a while. Is Colonel Askerton to stay at the cottage?"

"Now, Clara, you are a hypocrite. You know that you are a hypocrite."

"Very likely,—but I don't know why you should accuse me just now."

"Yes, you do. Have not you heard from Norfolk also?"

"Yes;—I have."

"I was sure of it. I knew he would never have written in that way, in answer to my letter, ignoring your visit here altogether, unless he had written to you also."

"But he has not written to me. My letter is from his sister. There it is." Whereupon she handed the letter to Mrs. Askerton, and waited patiently while it was being read. Her friend returned it to her without a word, and Clara was the first to speak again. "It is a nice letter, is it not? I never saw her you know."

"So she says."

"But is it not a kind letter?"

"I suppose it is meant for kindness. It is not very complimentary to me. It presumes that such a one as I may be treated without the slightest consideration. And so I may. It is only fit that I should be so treated. If you ask my advice, I advise you to go at once; at once."

"But I have not asked your advice, dear; nor do I intend to ask it."

"You would not have shown it me if you had not intended to go."

"How unreasonable you are! You told me just now that I was a hypocrite, for not telling you of my letter, and now you are angry with me because I have shown it you."

"I am not angry. I think you have been quite right to show it me. I don't know how else you could have acted upon it."

"But I do not mean to act upon it. I shall not go to Plaistow. There are two reasons against it, each sufficient. I shall not leave you quite yet,—unless you send me away; and I shall not cause my cousin to be turned out of his own house."

"Why should he be turned out? Why should you not go to him? You love him;—and as for him, he is more in love than any man I ever knew. Go to Plaistow Hall, and everything will run smooth."

"No, dear; I shall not do that."

"Then you are foolish. I am bound to tell you so, as I have inveigled you here."

"I thought I had invited myself."

"No; I asked you to come, and when I asked you I knew that I was wrong. Though I meant to be kind, I knew that I was unkind. I saw that my husband disapproved it, though he had not the heart to tell me so. I wish he had. I wish he had."

"Mrs. Askerton, I cannot tell you how much you wrong yourself, and how you wrong me also. I am more than contented to be here."

"But you should not be contented to be here. It is just that. In learning to love me,—or rather, perhaps, to pity me, you lower yourself. Do you think that I do not see it all, and know it all? Of course it is bad to be alone, but I have no right not to be alone." There was nothing for Clara to do but to draw herself once again close to the poor woman, and to embrace her with protestations of fair, honest, equal regard and friendship. "Do you think I do not understand that letter?" continued Mrs. Askerton. "If it had come from Lady Aylmer I could have laughed at it, because I believe Lady Aylmer to be an overbearing virago, whom it is good to put down in every way possible. But this comes from a pure-minded woman, one whom I believe to be little given to harsh judgments on her fellow-sinners; and she tells you in her calm wise way that it is bad for you to be here with me."

"She says nothing of the kind."

"But does she not mean it? Tell me honestly;—do you not know that she means it?"

"I am not to be guided by what she means."

"But you are to be guided by what her brother means. It is to come to that, and you may as well bend your neck at once. It is to come to that, and the sooner the better for you. It is easy to see that you are badly off for guidance when you take up me as your friend." When she had so spoken Mrs. Askerton got up and went to the door. "No, Clara, do not come with me; not now," she said, turning to her companion, who had risen as though to follow her. "I will come to you soon, but I would rather be alone now. And, look here, dear; you must answer your cousin's letter. Do so at once, and say that you will go to Plaistow. In any event it will be better for you."

Clara, when she was alone, did answer her cousin's letter, but she did not accept the invitation that had been given her. She assured Miss Belton that she was most

anxious to know her, and hoped that she might do so before long either at Plaistow or at Belton; but that at present she was under an engagement to stay with her friend Mrs. Askerton. In an hour or two Mrs. Askerton returned, and Clara handed to her the note to read. "Then all I can say is you are very silly, and don't know on which side your bread is buttered." It was evident from Mrs. Askerton's voice that she had recovered her mood and tone of mind. "I don't suppose it will much signify, as it will all come right at last," she said afterwards. And then, after luncheon, when she had been for a few minutes with her husband in his own room, she told Clara that the Colonel wanted to speak to her. "You'll find him as grave as a judge, for he has got something to say to you in earnest. Nobody can be so stern as he is when he chooses to put on his wig and gown." So Clara went into the Colonel's study, and seated herself in a chair which he had prepared for her.

She remained there for over an hour, and during the hour the conversation became very animated. Colonel Askerton's assumed gravity had given way to ordinary eagerness, during which he had walked about the room in the vehemence of his argument; and Clara, in answering him, had also put forth all her strength. She had expected that he also was going to speak to her on the propriety of her going to Norfolk; but he made no allusion to that subject, although all that he did say was founded on Will Belton's letter to himself. Belton, in speaking of the cottage, had told Colonel Askerton that Miss Amedroz would be his future landlord, and had then gone on to explain that it was his, Belton's, intention to destroy the entail, and allow the property to descend from the father to the daughter. "As Miss Amedroz is with you now," he said, "may I beg you to take the trouble to explain the matter to her at length, and to make her understand that the estate is now, at this moment in fact, her own. Her possession of it does not depend on any act of hers, — or, indeed, upon her own will or wish in the matter." On this subject Colonel Askerton had argued, using all his skill to make Clara in truth perceive that she was her father's heiress, — through the generosity undoubtedly of her cousin, — and that she had no alternative but to assume the possession which was thus thrust upon her.

And so eloquent was the Colonel that Clara was staggered, though she was not convinced. "It is quite impossible," she

said. "Though he may be able to make it over to me, I can give it back again."

"I think not. In such a matter as this a lady in your position can only be guided by her natural advisers, — her father's lawyer and other family friends."

"I don't know why a young lady should be in any way different from an old gentleman."

"But an old gentleman would not hesitate under such circumstances. The entail in itself was a cruelty, and the operation of it on your poor brother's death was additionally cruel."

"It is cruel that any one should be poor," argued Clara; "but that does not take away the right of a rich man to his property."

There was much more of this sort said between them, till Clara was at any rate convinced that Colonel Askerton believed that she ought to be the owner of the property. And then at last he ventured upon another argument which soon drove Clara out of the room. "There is, I believe, one way in which it can all be made right," said he.

"What way?" said Clara, forgetting in her eagerness the obviousness of the mode which her companion was about to point out.

"Of course, I know nothing of this myself," he said smiling; "but Mary thinks that you and your cousin might arrange it between you if you were together."

"You must not listen to what she says about that, Colonel Askerton."

"Must I not? Well; I will not listen to more than I can help; but Mary, as you know, is a persistent talker. I, at any rate, have done my commission." Then Clara left him, and was alone for what remained of the afternoon.

It could not be, she said to herself, that the property ought to be hers. It would make her miserable, were she once to feel that she had accepted it. Some small allowance out of it, coming to her from the brotherly love of her cousin, — some moderate stipend sufficient for her livelihood, she thought she could accept from him. It seemed to her that it was her destiny to be dependent on charity, — to eat bread given to her from the benevolence of a friend; and she thought that she could endure his benevolence better than that of any other. Benevolence from Aylmer Park or from Perivale would be altogether unendurable.

But why should it not be as Colonel Askerton had proposed? That this cousin of hers loved her with all his heart, — with



a constancy for which she had at first given him no credit, she was well aware. And as regarded herself, she loved him better than all the world beside. She had at last become conscious that she could not now marry Captain Aylmer without sin, — without false vows, and fatal injury to herself and him. To the prospect of that marriage, as her future fate, an end must be put at any rate, — an end, if that which had already taken place was not to be regarded as end enough. But yet she had been engaged to Captain Aylmer, — was engaged to him even now. When last her cousin had mentioned to her Captain Aylmer's name she had declared that she loved him still. How then could she turn round now, and so soon accept the love of another man? How could she bring herself to let her cousin assume to himself the place of a lover, when it was but the other day that she had rebuked him for expressing the faintest hope in that direction?

But yet, — yet — I As for going to Plaistow, that was quite out of question.

"So you are to be the heiress, after all," said Mrs. Askerton to her that night in her bed-room.

"No; I am not to be the heiress, after all," said Clara, rising against her friend impetuously.

"You'll have to be lady of Belton in one way or the other at any rate," said Mrs. Askerton.

## CHAPTER XXVIII.

## MISS AMEDROZ IS PURSUED.

"I SUPPOSE NOW, my dear, it may be considered that everything is settled about that young lady," said Lady Aylmer to her son, on the same day that Miss Amedroz left Aylmer Park.

"Nothing is settled, ma'am," said the Captain.

"You don't mean to tell me that after what has passed you intend to follow her up any further."

"I shall certainly endeavor to see her again."

"Then, Frederic, I must tell you that you are very wrong indeed; — almost worse than wrong. I would say wicked, only I feel sure that you will think better of it. You cannot mean to tell me that you would — marry her after what has taken place?"

"The question is whether she would marry me."

"That is nonsense, Frederic. I wonder that you, who are generally so clear-sighted,

cannot see more plainly than that. She is a scheming, artful young woman, who is playing a regular game to catch a husband."

"If that were so, she would have been more humble to you, ma'am"

"Not a bit, Fred. That's just it. That has been her cleverness. She tried that on at first, and found that she could not get round me. Don't allow yourself to be deceived by that, I pray. And then there is no knowing how she may be bound up with those horrid people, so that she cannot throw them over even if she would."

"I don't think you understand her, ma'am."

"Oh; — very well. But I understand this, and you had better understand it too; — that she will never again enter a house of which I am the mistress; nor can I ever enter a house in which she is received. If you choose to make her your wife after that, I have done." Lady Aylmer had not done, or nearly done; but we need hear no more of her threats or entreaties. Her son left Aylmer Park immediately after Easter Sunday, and as he went, the mother, nodding her head, declared to her daughter that that marriage would never come off, let Clara Amedroz be ever so sly, or ever so clever.

"Think of what I have said to you, Fred," said Sir Anthony, as he took his leave of his son.

"Yes, sir, I will."

"You can't be better off than you are; — you can't, indeed." With these words in his ears Captain Aylmer started for London, intending to follow Clara down to Belton. He hardly knew his own mind on this matter of his purposed marriage. He was almost inclined to agree with his father that he was very well off as he was. He was almost inclined to agree with his mother in her condemnation of Clara's conduct. He was almost inclined to think that he had done enough towards keeping the promise made to his aunt on her deathbed, — but still he was not quite contented with himself. He desired to be honest and true, as far as his ideas went of honesty and truth, and his conscience told him that Clara had been treated with cruelty by his mother. I am inclined to think that Lady Aylmer, in spite of her high experience and character for wisdom, had not fought her battle altogether well. No man likes to be talked out of his marriage by his mother, and especially not so when the talking takes the place of threats. When she told him that under no circumstances would she

again know Clara Amedroz, he was driven by his spirit of manhood to declare to himself that that menace from her should not have the slightest influence on him. The word or two which his father said was more effective. After all it might be better for him in his peculiar position to have no wife at all. He did begin to believe that he had no need for a wife. He had never before thought so much of his father's example as he did now. Clara was manifestly a hot-tempered woman, — a very hot-tempered woman indeed! Now his mother was also a hot-tempered woman, and he could see the result in the present condition of his father's life. He resolved that he would follow Clara to Belton, so that some final settlement might be made between them; but in coming to this resolution he acknowledged to himself that should she decide against him he would not break his heart. She, however, should have her chance. Undoubtedly it was only right that she should have her chance.

But the difficulty of the circumstances in which he was placed was so great, that it was almost impossible for him to make up his mind fixedly to any purpose in reference to Clara. As he passed through London on his way to Belton he called at Mr. Green's chambers with reference to that sum of fifteen hundred pounds, which it was now absolutely necessary that he should make over to Miss Amedroz, and from Mr. Green he learned that William Belton had given positive instructions as to the destination of the Belton Estate. He would not inherit it, or have anything to do with it under the entail, — from the effects of which he desired to be made entirely free. Mr. Green, who knew that Captain Aylmer was engaged to marry his client, and who knew nothing of any interruption to that agreement, felt no hesitation in explaining all this to Captain Aylmer. "I suppose you had heard of it before," said Mr. Green. Captain Aylmer certainly had heard of it, and had been very much struck by the idea; but up to this moment he had not quite believed in it. Coming simply from William Belton to Clara Amedroz, such an offer might be no more than a strong argument used in love-making. "Take back the property, but take me with it, of course." That Captain Aylmer thought might have been the correct translation of Mr. William Belton's romance. But he was forced to look at the matter differently when he found that it had been put into a lawyer's hands. "Yes," said he, "I have heard of it. Mr. Belton mentioned it to

me himself." This was not strictly true. Clara had mentioned it to him; but Belton had come into the room immediately afterwards, and Captain Aylmer might probably have been mistaken.

"He's quite in earnest," said Mr. Green. "Of course, I can say nothing, Mr. Green, as I am myself so nearly interested in the matter. It is a great question, no doubt, how far such an entail as that should be allowed to operate."

"I think it should stand as a matter of course. I think Belton is wrong," said Mr. Green.

"Of course I can give no opinion," said the other.

"I'll tell you what you can do, Captain Aylmer. You can suggest to Miss Amedroz that there should be a compromise. Let them divide it. They are both clients of mine, and in that way I shall do my duty to each. Let them divide it. Belton has money enough to buy up the other moiety, and in that way would still be Belton of Belton."

Captain Aylmer had not the slightest objection to such a plan. Indeed, he regarded it as in all respects a wise and salutary arrangement. The moiety of the Belton Estate might probably be worth twenty-five thousand pounds, and the addition of such a sum as that to his existing means would make all the difference in the world as to the expedience of his marriage. His father's arguments would all fall to the ground if twenty-five thousand pounds were to be obtained in this way; and he had but little doubt that such a change in affairs would go far to mitigate his mother's wrath. But he was by no means mercenary in his views; — so, at least, he assured himself. Clara should have her chance with or without the Belton Estate, — or with or without the half of it. He was by no means mercenary. Had he not made his offer to her, — and repeated it almost with obstinacy, when she had no prospect of any fortune? He could always remember that of himself at least; and remembering that now, he could take a delight in these bright money prospects without having to accuse himself in any degree of mercenary motives. This fortune was a godsend which he could take with clean hands; — if only he should ultimately be able to take the lady who possessed the fortune!

From London he wrote to Clara, telling her that he proposed to visit her at Belton. His letter was written before he had seen Mr. Green, and was not very fervent in its expressions; but, nevertheless, it was a fair

letter, written with the intention of giving her a fair chance. He had seen with great sorrow, — “with heartfelt grief,” that quarrel between his mother and his own Clara. Thinking, as he felt himself obliged to think, about Mrs. Askerton, he could not but feel that his mother had cause for her anger. But he himself was unprejudiced, and was ready, and anxious also, — the word anxious was underscored, — to carry out his engagement. A few words between them might probably set everything right, and therefore he proposed to meet her at the Belton Castle house, at such an hour, on such a day. He should run down to Perivale on his journey, and perhaps Clara would let him have a line addressed to him there. Such was his letter.

“What do you think of that?” said Clara, showing it to Mrs. Askerton on the afternoon of the day on which she had received it.

“What do you think of it?” said Mrs. Askerton. “I can only hope that he will not come within the reach of my hands.”

“You are not angry with me for showing it to you?”

“No; — why should I be angry with you? Of course I knew it all without any showing. Do not tell Colonel Askerton, or they will be killing each other.”

“Of course I shall not tell Colonel Askerton; but I could not help showing this to you.”

“And you will meet him.”

“Yes; I shall meet him. What else can I do?”

“Unless, indeed, you were to write and tell him that it would do no good.”

“It will be better that he should come.”

“If you allow him to talk you over, you will be a wretched woman all your life.”

“It will be better that he should come,” said Clara again. And then she wrote to Captain Aylmer at Perivale, telling him that she would be at the house at the hour he had named, on the day he had named.

When that day came she walked across the park a little before the time fixed, not wishing to meet Captain Aylmer before she had reached the house. It was now nearly the middle of April, and the weather was soft and pleasant. It was almost summer again, and as she felt this, she thought of all the events which had occurred since the last summer, — of their agony of grief at the catastrophe which had closed her brother's life, of her aunt's death first, and then of her father's following so close upon the other, and of the two offers of marriage made to her, — as to which she was now

aware that she had accepted the wrong man and rejected the wrong man. She was steadily minded, now, at this moment, that before she parted from Captain Aylmer, her engagement with him should be brought to a close. Now, at this coming interview, so much at any rate should be done. She had tried to make herself believe that she felt for him that sort of affection which a woman should have for the man she is to marry; but she had failed. She hardly knew whether she had in truth ever loved him; but she was quite sure that she did not love him now. No; — she had done with Aylmer Park, and she could feel thankful, amidst all her troubles, that that difficulty should vex her no more. In showing Captain Aylmer's letter to Mrs. Askerton she had made no such promise as this, but her mind had been quite made up. “He certainly shall not talk me over,” she said to herself as she walked across the park.

But she could not see her way so clearly out of that further difficulty with regard to her cousin. It might be that she would be able to rid herself of the one lover with comparative ease; but she could not bring herself to entertain the idea of accepting the other. It was true that this man longed for her, — desired to call her his own, with a wearing, anxious, painful desire which made his heart grievously heavy, — heavy as though with lead hanging to its strings; and it was true that Clara knew that it was so. It was true also that his spirit had mastered her spirit, and that his persistence had conquered her resistance, — the resistance, that is, of her feelings. But there remained with her a feminine shame, which made it seem to her to be impossible that she should now reject Captain Aylmer, and, as a consequence of that rejection, accept Will Belton's hand. As she thought of this, she could not see her way out of her trouble in that direction with any of that clearness which belonged to her in reference to Captain Aylmer.

She had been an hour in the house before he came, and never did an hour go so heavily with her. There was no employment for her about the place, and Mrs. Bunce, the old woman who now lived there, could not understand why her late mistress chose to remain seated among the unused furniture. Clara had of course told her that a gentleman was coming. “Not Mr. Will,” said the woman. “No; it is not Mr. Will,” said Clara; “his name is Captain Aylmer.” “Oh, indeed.” And then Mrs. Bunce looked at her with a mystified look. Why on earth should not the gentleman

call on Miss Amedroz at Mrs. Askerton's cottage? "I'll be sure to show 'un up, when a comes, at any rate," said the old woman solemnly;—and Clara felt that it was all very uncomfortable.

At last the gentleman did come, and was shown up with all the ceremony of which Mrs. Bunce was capable. "Here he be, mum." Then Mrs. Bunce paused a moment before she retreated, anxious to learn whether the new comer was a friend or a foe. She concluded from the Captain's manner that he was a very dear friend, and then she departed.

"I hope you are not surprised at my coming," said Captain Aylmer, still holding Clara by the hand.

"A little surprised," she said, smiling.

"But not annoyed?"

"No;—not annoyed."

"As soon as you had left Aylmer Park I felt that it was the right thing to do;—the only thing to do,—as I told my mother."

"I hope you have not come in opposition to her wishes," said Clara, unable to control a slight tone of banter as she spoke.

"In this matter I found myself compelled to act in accordance with my own judgment," said he, untouched by her sarcasm.

"Then I suppose that Lady Aylmer is,—is vexed with you for coming here. I shall be so sorry for that;—so very sorry, as no good can come of it."

"Well;—I am not so sure of that. My mother is a most excellent woman, one for whose opinions on all matters I have the highest possible value;—a value so high, that—that—that"—

"That you never ought to act in opposition to them. That is what you really mean, Captain Aylmer; and upon my word I think that you are right."

"No, Clara; that is not what I mean,—not exactly that. Indeed, just at present I mean the reverse of that. There are some things in which a man must act on his own judgment, irrespectively of the opinions of any one else."

"Not of a mother, Captain Aylmer."

"Yes;—of a mother. That is to say, a man must do so. With a lady of course it is different. I was very, very sorry that there should have been any unpleasantness at Aylmer Park."

"It was not pleasant to me, certainly."

"Nor to any of us, Clara."

"At any rate, it need not be repeated."

"I hope not."

"No;—it certainly need not be repeated. I know now that I was wrong to go to Aylmer Park. I felt sure beforehand that there

were many things as to which I could not possibly agree with Lady Aylmer, and I ought not to have gone."

"I don't see that at all, Clara."

"I do see it now."

"I can't understand you. What things? Why should you be determined to disagree with my mother? Surely you ought at any rate to endeavour to think as she thinks."

"I cannot do that, Captain Aylmer."

"I am sorry to hear you speak in this way. I have come here all the way from Yorkshire to try to put things straight between us; but you receive me as though you would remember nothing but that unpleasant quarrel."

"It was so unpleasant,—so very unpleasant! I had better speak out the truth at once. I think that Lady Aylmer ill-used me cruelly. I do. No one can talk me out of that conviction. Of course I am sorry to be driven to say as much to you,—and I should never have said it, had you not come here. But when you speak of me and your mother together, I must say what I feel. Your mother and I, Captain Aylmer, are so opposed to each other, not only in feelings, but in opinions also, that it is impossible that we should be friends;—impossible that we should not be enemies if we are brought together."

This she said with great energy, looking intently into his face as she spoke. He was seated near her, on a chair from which he was leaning over towards her, holding his hat in both hands between his legs. Now, as he listened to her, he drew his chair still nearer, ridding himself of his hat, which he left upon the carpet, and keeping his eyes upon hers as though he were fascinated.

"I am sorry to hear you speak like this," he said.

"It is best to say the truth."

"But, Clara, if you intend to be my wife"—

"Oh, no;—that is impossible now."

"What is impossible?"

"Impossible that I should become your wife. Indeed I have convinced myself that you do not wish it."

"But I do wish it."

"No;—no. If you will question your heart about it quietly, you will find that you do not wish it."

"You wrong me, Clara."

"At any rate it cannot be so."

"I will not take that answer from you," he said, getting up from his chair, and walking once up and down the room. Then he returned to it, and repeated his words. "I will not take that answer from you. An en-



gagement such as ours cannot be put aside like an old glove. You do not mean to tell me that all that has been between us is to mean nothing." There was something now like feeling in his tone, something like passion in his gesture, and Clara, though she had no thought of changing her purpose, was becoming unhappy at the idea of his unhappiness.

"It has meant nothing," she said. "We have been like children together, playing at being in love. It is a game from which you will come out scatheless, but I have been scalded."

"Scalded!"

"Well; — never mind. I do not mean to complain, and certainly not of you."

"I have come here all the way from Yorkshire in order that things may be put right between us."

"You have been very good, — very good to come, and I will not say that I regret your trouble. It is best, I think, that we should meet each other once more face to face, so that we may understand each other. There was no understanding anything during those terrible days at Alymer Park." Then she paused, but as he did not speak at once she went on. "I do not blame you for anything that has taken place, but I am quite sure of this, — that you and I could never be happy together as man and wife."

"I do not know why you say so; I do not indeed."

"You would disapprove of everything that I should do. You do disapprove of what I am doing now."

"Disapprove of what?"

"I am staying with my friend, Mrs. Askerton."

He felt that this was hard upon him. As she had shown herself inclined to withdraw herself from him, he had become more resolute in his desire to follow her up, and to hold by his engagement. He was not employed now in giving her another chance, — as he had proposed to himself to do, — but was using what eloquence he had to obtain another chance for himself. Lady Aylmer had almost made him believe that Clara would be the suppliant, but now he was the suppliant himself. In his anxiety to keep her he was willing even to pass over her terrible iniquity in regard to Mrs. Askerton, — that great sin which had led to all these troubles. He had once written to her about Mrs. Askerton, using very strong language, and threatening her with his mother's full displeasure. At that time Mrs. Askerton had simply been her friend. There had been no question then of her taking refuge

under that woman's roof. Now she had repelled Lady Aylmer's counsels with scorn, was living as a guest in Mrs. Askerton's house; and yet he was willing to pass over the Askerton difficulty without a word. He was willing not only to condone past offences, but to wink at existing iniquity! But she, — she who was the sinner, would not permit of this. She herself dragged up Mrs. Askerton's name, and seemed to glory in her own shame.

"I had not intended," said he, "to speak of your friend."

"I only mention her to show how impossible it is that we would ever agree upon some subjects, — as to which a husband and wife should always be of one mind. I knew this from the moment in which I got your letter, — and only that I was a coward I should have said so then."

"And you mean to quarrel with me altogether?"

"No; — why should we quarrel?"

"Why, indeed?" said he.

"But I wish it to be settled," — quite settled, as from the nature of things it must be, that there shall be no attempt at renewal of our engagement. After what has passed, how could I enter your mother's house?"

"But you need not enter it." Now in his emergency he was willing to give up anything, — everything. He had been prepared to talk her over into a reconciliation with his mother, to admit that there had been faults on both sides, to come down from his high pedestal and discuss the matter as though Clara and his mother stood upon the same footing. Having recognized the spirit of his lady-love, he had told himself that so much indignity as that must be endured. But now, he had been carried so far beyond this, that he was willing, in the sudden vehemence of his love, to throw his mother over altogether, and to accede to any terms which Clara might propose to him. "Of course, I would wish you to be friends," he said, using now all the tones of a suppliant; "but if you found that it could not be so" —

"Do you think that I would divide you from your mother?"

"There need be no question as to that."

"Ah; — there you are wrong. There must be such questions. I should have thought of it sooner."

"Clara, you are more to me than my mother. Ten times more." As he said this he came up and knelt down beside her. "You are everything to me. You will not throw me over." He was a suppliant indeed, and such supplications are very po-

tent with women. Men succeed often by the simple earnestness of their prayers. Women cannot refuse to give that which is asked for with so much of the vehemence of true desire. "Clara, you have promised to be my wife. You have twice promised; and can have no right to go back because

you are displeased with what my mother may have said. I am not responsible for my mother. Clara, say that you will be my wife." As he spoke he strove to take her hand, and his voice sounded as though there were in truth something of passion in his heart.

## SAND-MARTINS.

I PASSED an inland cliff precipitate :  
From tiny caves peeped many a sooty poll ;  
In each a mother martin sat elate,  
And of the news delivered her small soul.

Fantastic chatter ! hasty, glad, and gay,  
Whereof the meaning was not ill to tell : —  
"Gossip, how wags the world with you to-day ?"  
"Gossip, the world wags well, the world wags well."

And listening, I was sure their little ones  
Were in the bird-talk, and discourse was made  
Concerning hot sea-flights, and tropic suns,  
For a clear sultriness the tune conveyed ; —

And visions of the sky as of a cup  
Hailing down light on pagan Pharaoh's sand ;  
And quivering air-waves trembling up and up,  
And blank stone-faces marvellously bland ; —

When should the young be fledged, and with them hie  
Where costly day drops down in crimson light ;  
(Fortunate countries of the fire-fly,  
Swarm with blue diamonds all the sultry night,

And the immortal moon takes turn with them) ; —  
When should they pass again by that red land

Where lovely mirage works a broidered hem  
To fringe with phantom palms a robe of sand ; —

When should they dip their breasts again and play  
In slumberous azure pools clear as the air,  
Where rosy-winged flamingoes fish all day,  
Stalking amid the lotus-blossoms fair ; —

Then over podded tamarinds bear their flight,  
While cassias feed the wind with spiceries ;  
And so betake them to a south sea-bight,  
To gossip in the crowns of cocoa-trees

Whose roots are in the spray. O haply there,  
Some dawn — white-winged, they might chance to find

A frigate standing in to make more fair  
The loneliness unaltered of mankind.

A frigate come to water. Nuts would fall,  
And nimble feet would climb the flower-flushed strand,  
And northern talk would ring, and therewithal  
The martins would desire the cool north land,

And all would be as it had been before.  
Again at eve there would be news to tell ;  
Who passed should hear their chant it o'er and o'er,  
"Gossip, how wags the world ?" "Well, Gossip, well !"

— *The Argosy.*

JEAN INGELOW.

From Macmillan's Magazine.

MRS. GASKELL.

THE deaths of our friends are like milestones on the road of life. So somebody has said before; and, I think, the metaphor is just enough, save that, as we get well forward on our life journey, the milestones succeed each other so rapidly that we lose our reckoning. The number of dead men we have known becomes so large that, at times, we grow confused as to who is living and who is dead. In the first blush of youth there is — pardon the apparent cynicism of the remark — a sort of not altogether unpleasant sensation in being able to speak of your dead friend. To have known one who had occupied some place in the world's notice confers upon us a kind of brevet of full manhood. I am speaking, be it understood, not of those lost loved ones — of whom all men, not cruelly cursed by fate, can say that as to their lives, they themselves were "*pars magna*," — but of those common acquaintances whom we know neither more nor less than scores of others. Of such friendships — if I may so call these acquaintanceships — persons with whom literature is a profession or pursuit have, I think, more than most people. Authors, artists, editors, reviewers, newspaper writers, are brought much together by the necessities of their position, and form, naturally enough, those kinds of relations which entitle them in common parlance to call one another friends. Thus it becomes one of the privileges or pains, as you choose to consider it, of a literary life, that you are not allowed to pass in quiet to the grave with no tribute save the tears of those who have known and loved you. Nemesis compels your associates to write of you on your death, as you would have written of them had they gone before. I remember once being present at the funeral of one whose lot had brought him into contact with those who live by writing. All of us, who were assembled on the sunny slopes of that pleasant Highbury burying-ground, were men connected in some way with literature. Many, perhaps most of us, were unknown by name to the public for whom we wrote; but still one and all were so far known behind the scenes, if not upon the stage, of literature, that we knew, if we died to-morrow, our deaths would be recorded in newspaper paragraphs. For some might be reserved the typographic glories of leaded print, of the black lines round the notice, of a place on the leader sheet; for others there might be only afforded the obscure paragraph in minion type, buried

in some odd corner of the newspaper; but still for each there would surely be somewhere or other an obituary notice. And, as we were turning away from the grave where our friend lay buried, one of the mourners said to me, "Do you know what we were all thinking of in our hearts? We are wondering, in case this funeral had been ours, what our friends would have written of us to-morrow." Such thoughts must be present surely to all who write. We can tell pretty well what our own record will be; we know it almost by heart, from the expression of deep regret at the beginning, to the very enumeration of our names at the close. But yet, though we may moralise on the hollowness of the custom, I suspect few of us would like to know that our friends would not follow our body to the grave, would not honour us with some passing record of our works and lives.

The world of English letters has just lost one of its foremost authors. Another of the writers I have known has passed away in the person of Mrs. Gaskell; and I think this magazine would scarcely be worthy of itself unless it contained some short notice of the authoress of "*Mary Barton*," from one to whom, however slightly, she was known as a living woman, not as a writer only. It is that which encourages me to say these few words in honour of her memory.

Of her private life it would not only be unbecoming to speak, but I believe that its record, even if it could be fully told by those to whom it is known, would throw but little light on the literary aspect of her character. Thus much may be fairly said, that it differed from those of most women who write novels, in being more calm and less eventful. Neither necessity, nor the unsatisfied solitude of a single life, nor, as I fancy, an irresistible impulse, threw her into the paths of literature. She wrote, as the birds sing, because she liked to write; and ceased writing when the fancy left her. And the result of this was, that all her works have, in their own way, a degree of perfection and completeness rare in these days, when successful authoresses pour out volume after volume without pause or waiting. For some eighteen years she had held a position amongst the first class of English novelists; and yet, during the whole of that period, she only published five novels of the three-volume order. She was a mother with many children, a wife approaching middle age, when she first became an authoress. It was, as I have heard, to try and drown the memory of a dead child, an only

son, that Mrs. Gaskell first thought of writing; and "Mary Barton" was the solace of a mother's sorrow. It always seemed to me that her face bore the impress of suffering; that her smile, sweet as it was, was sad also; that death, according to the saying of a French writer, had passed by her, and touched her in passing. Throughout her works there breathed something of the same gentle sadness. Her view of life was a cheerful one enough. One of the chief charms of her writings is the enjoyment she shows throughout in all the pleasures of home and family; but still, in all her works, there is a certain subdued weariness, as though this world would be a very dreary one if we were not all to rest ere long.

I take it that the fact of her literary life having begun so late explains, to a great extent, both her strength and her weakness as a novelist. There is no sign of haste and immaturity about any of her novels. Her style was never slovenly; her word-painting was perfect of its kind; and her characters had none of the exaggeration so universal almost amidst women writers. Everybody who ever read "Cranford," knows the inhabitants of that little sleepy town as well as if he had been in the habit of paying visits there for years. We are on speaking terms with all the personages of "Wives and Daughters;" we can see the Gibsons, and Hamleys, and Brownings, as well as if we had called upon them yesterday. But, somehow, we never get further than an intimate acquaintance; we never quite learn to know them as we know the Pere Goriot, or Colonel Newcombe, or Jane Eyre, or Adam Bede. I doubt if any man, no matter what his genius, could rise to the highest rank of painters, if he never handled a brush till he had reached middle age; and in the same way an authoress, the passion time of whose life had gone by before she began to write fiction, must always lack something of that dear-bought experience which, for good or evil, is to be acquired only in the spring-tide of our existence.

Seldom has any author obtained celebrity so rapidly as Mrs. Gaskell. Like Byron, she might almost say that she awoke one morning and found herself famous. Of all recent literary successes, "Mary Barton," with the exception perhaps of "Jane Eyre," was the most signal. During the period that its authorship remained a secret, there were few people, even amongst her own friends and neighbours, who suspected the quiet lady, whose home lay in Manchester, of having written a book of which the world was talking. With the celebrity that ensued

on the success of the work there came trouble also. "Mary Barton" gave natural, perhaps not unreasonable, offence to the mill owners and cotton lords, who formed the leaders of the society in which her position caused Mrs. Gaskell to live; and she was of too sensitive a nature not to feel censure deeply. In truth, if I were advising an incipient authoress, and if I did not know that my advice was absolutely certain not to be taken, I should tell any lady who thought of writing novels, that she had far better not do so, for her own happiness' sake. I have known now a great number of authoresses, but I never yet have known one who could bear hostile criticism or ill-natured comment with equanimity. Somehow or other, the intense personality—if I may use the word—of female nature causes women to identify their private with their literary reputation to an extent unintelligible to men. To this general rule Mrs. Gaskell was, I imagine, no exception; and the censure which, justly or unjustly, was bestowed upon her "Life of Charlotte Brontë," gave her for a time a distaste for writing. Of all her works, this, viewed as a literary production, is, to my mind, the ablest. As a biography, it is almost unequalled. "Carrer Bell" may or may not have been all that her biographer fancied: but, as long as her books are read, she will survive in the memory of men as Mrs. Gaskell painted her—not as she seemed to those who knew her less intimately and perhaps less well. The very success of "Mary Barton" told for a time almost against its authoress. At the period of its appearance public interest in the factory subject was very strong; and the novel had a remarkable hold upon the popular mind, quite apart from its literary ability. Of all Mrs. Gaskell's books, it was, I believe, the most largely sold, and the one which has commanded the most permanent circulation. And, as a necessary result of this incidental popularity, the ensuing novels of the authoress were comparatively unsuccessful. Passion, as I have said, lay out of her domain; and both "Ruth" and "Sylvia's Lovers" rested on a delineation of passions with which the writer was either unable, or, as I rather believe, unwilling to grapple firmly. The literature of passion can only be treated worthily by persons who, whether for good or bad, are indifferent to the thought how their work may be judged by the standard rules of the society in which they move; and this was not the case with one of the most sensitive and delicate-minded women who ever wrote in



England. "North and South," and "Cranford," perfect as they were as specimens of home portraiture, had not somehow that sustained interest that is necessary to constitute an eminently successful novel. Then, too, during the period which followed the appearance of "Mary Barton," we have had a remarkable succession of distinguished female writers. Currer Bell, George Eliot, Miss Yonge, Miss Braddon, and the authoress of "George Geith," all came, one after the other, before the public, after Mrs. Gaskell had made her mark. To institute any comparison between the various merits of these different candidates for public favour is a task for which I have neither the space nor the inclination. I only allude to them in order to point out how it was that for a time Mrs. Gaskell's reputation suffered, as it were, a partial eclipse. It was not that the public thought less of her, but that they thought more of others; and in literature, as on the stage, there is scarcely room for more than one *prima donna assoluta*. But her latest work won back for her more, I think, than any of its recent predecessors, the affections of a fickle public. "Wives and Daughters," introduced to the world with no flourish of trumpets, and with little preliminary puffing, appeared in a magazine without the writer's name, and without—as far as I know—any trouble being taken to let the fact of its authorship become generally known. Yet it acquired almost at once a singular popularity. Whether the novel—which, dying, she left half published—exists in manuscript, I, not being in the secret, cannot tell. From some internal indications, and from my own experience of authors, I should fancy it did not. If so, there are thousands of readers of every age, who will feel it a personal disappointment that they are never to know whether Molly Gibson married Roger Hamley, or how poor Cynthia worked out her fate at last. Such a disappointment is surely one of the highest testimonies to a writer's genius. I heard, not long ago, of an old lady, whose life had not been a very happy one, and who was content enough to die when the time appointed came. In her last illness, when her strength was failing, though her mind remained clear and vigorous, she took much delight in reading a serial story then appearing in print. I think it was Mr. Collins's "No Name." Speaking one day, to the friend who told me the anecdote, of her passing life, she said, simply, "I am afraid, after all, I shall die without ever knowing what becomes of Magdalen Vanstone." It is an odd thing, surely, to think how many readers, who begin to read

any novel in numbers, must die before the word "finis" is written at the close. And, when a writer dies, leaving his tale half written, those who followed its fortunes eagerly feel as if something of their own had died with the writer's death.

In a fantastic German story, there is a strange fancy, which has often recalled itself to me. It was suggested that, whenever a novelist or dramatist died, the personages, whom by his fictive art he had called into being, met him on the threshold of the unseen world to greet him, as their creator, and to thank or curse him for his share in the fact of their existence. If this dream-fancy had in it aught of truth, I can picture to myself no tribe of author-created visitants with whom I would sooner find myself surrounded on awaking beyond the grave than the cohort of those who might claim the author of "Mary Barton" as their spiritual parent. Becky Sharpe, or Valerie, or Jane Eyre, or Maggie Tulliver, or Lady Audley, or Consuelo, would seem too like weird ghosts from the nightmare-laden world I had left behind me for ever. But Ruth, gentlest and purest of Magdalenes who have repented almost before they had sinned, and Philip, "tender and true," and Lady Ludlow, and Miss Matty, and Cynthia Kirkpatrick, would have so little of fault to answer for, that the burden of having called them forth to sin and suffering would weigh but lightly on my conscience as their responsible creator.

To say this is no small praise. It is not a slight matter that an author can look back at the last glimpse of life, and feel that he has left behind him no written word which can make those who read it otherwise than better; and this acknowledgment is justly due to Mrs. Gaskell. Other novelists have written books as clever, and many have written books as innocent; but there are few, indeed, who have written works which grown-up men read with delight, and children might read without injury. It is impossible to determine now the exact position which Mrs. Gaskell will hold ultimately amongst English writers of our day. It will be a high one, if not amongst the highest. Miss Austen's popularity has survived that of many writers of her time, whose merits were perhaps greater in themselves. So, if I had to say which of those novels we talk most of now will be read when we all are dead and buried, I should give the preference to "Cranford" and "North and South," above novels which I deem to excel them in innate power. These pleasant homeland stories—these vivid delineations of the lives of common men and common wo-

men, will survive, as long as people care to know what our England was at the days in which our lot is thrown. Within the last few years we have lost greater English writers than Mrs. Gaskell; we have greater still left; but we have none so purely and altogether English in the worthiest sense of that noble word. D.

## THE FORDS OF JORDAN, 1859.

'Tis scarce a hundred steps and one  
Across this ridge of frost and fire,  
Before the Eastward view be won.  
Stray on, and dally with desire,  
Then lift eyes, and behold.  
Hewn out without hands, they rise;  
All the crests of Abarim.  
Whence the Prophet look'd of old,  
Back — o'er misery manifold,  
Forward — o'er the Land unrolled  
Underneath his way-worn eyes.  
Quivering all in noontide blaze  
Abarim, long Abarim  
Glow, with very brightness dim.  
Even as when the Seer look'd back  
On the mazed grave-marked track;  
Over Edom, furnace-red,  
O'er a generation dead,  
When he knew his march was stayed.  
Fiends and angels watched and waited  
As the undimmed eyes closed slowly,  
As the vast limbs withered wholly  
From their ancient strength unabated,  
As into the Vale of Shade,  
Seeing, not seen, he passed away;  
And none knoweth to this day  
Where the awful corpse is laid.

The Dead Sea salt, in crystal hoar,  
Hangs on our hair like acid rime;  
And we are grey, like many more,  
With bitterness and not with time.  
Two hours of thirst, before we reach  
Yon jungle dense, and scanty sward;  
For many a league the only breach  
Where Jordan's cliffs allow a ford.  
Lo, spurs of Sheffield, do our will,  
And, little Syrian barbs, be gay;  
All morn we spared you on the hill,

Now, — o'er the level waste — away,  
With your light stag-like bound.  
So cross the plain, nor slacken speed,  
And brush through Sodom-bush and reed,  
And tearing thorn, and tamarisk harsh,  
Wild growth of desert and of marsh,  
Cumbering the holy ground.  
Reach Jordan's beetling bank, and mark  
The winding trench deep-cloven and dark;  
The narrow belt of living green;  
The secret stream that writhes between;  
Death's River — sudden, swift, unseen —  
He is changed from his gay going;  
Could we know the arrowy stream,  
Once, whose tender talk in flowing  
Cast us softly into dream?  
Whirling now with fiftful gleam  
In his precipice's shade,  
Like a half drawn Persian blade,  
Of black steel, darkly bright?  
At his birth he went not so,  
Swelling pure with Hermon's snow,  
But joyous leapt in light.  
Must he fare to the Sad Sea,  
Through waste places, even as we?  
Yet he makes a little mirth,  
Racing downwards evermore;  
And the green things of sweet Earth  
Cling a little to his shore:  
Even so it is: so let it be.  
But strip, and try your might with him:  
He is the type of that black wave,  
Wherein the strong ones fail to swim;  
The likeness of the Grave.  
Also his waters wash us free  
From salt scurf of the Bitter Sea.  
Stem his dark flood with shortened breath,  
And take the lesson as you may:  
That the Baptismal stream of Death  
Doth cleanse Earth's bitterness away.

—Cornhill Magazine.

R. Sr. J. T.

## CHAPTER LV.

## AN ABSENT LOVER RETURNS.

AND now it was late June; and to Molly's and her father's extreme urgency in pushing, and Mr. and Mrs Kirkpatrick's affectionate persistency in pulling, Cynthia had yielded, and had gone back to finish her interrupted visit in London, but not before the bruit of her previous sudden return to nurse Molly had told strongly in her favour in the fluctuating opinion of the little town. Her affair with Mr. Preston was thrust into the shade; while every one was speaking of her warm heart. Under the gleam of Molly's recovery everything assumed a rosy hue, as indeed became the time when actual roses were fully in bloom.

One morning Mrs. Gibson brought Molly a great basket of flowers, that had been sent from the Hall. Molly still breakfasted in bed, but had just come down, and was now well enough to arrange the flowers for the drawing-room, and as she did so with these blossoms, she made some comments on each.

"Ah! these white pinks! They were Mrs. Hamley's favourite flower; and so like her! This little bit of sweetbriar, it quite scents the room. It has pricked my fingers, but never mind. Oh, mamma, look at this rose! I forget its name, but it is very rare, and grows up in the sheltered corner of the wall, near the mulberry-tree. Roger bought the tree for his mother with his own money when he was quite a boy: he showed it me, and made me notice it."

"I daresay it was Roger who got it now. You heard papa say he had seen him yesterday."

"No! Roger! Roger come home!" said Molly, turning first red, then very white.

"Yes. Oh, I remember you had gone to bed before papa came in, and he was called off early to tiresome Mrs. Beale. Yes, Roger turned up at the Hall the day before yesterday."

But Molly leaned back against her chair, too faint to do more at the flowers for some time. She had been startled by the suddenness of the news. "Roger come home!"

It happened that Mr. Gibson was unusually busy on this particular day, and he did not return until late in the afternoon. But Molly kept her place in the drawing-room all the time, not even going to take her customary siesta, so anxious was she to hear everything about Roger's return, which as yet appeared to her almost incredible. But it was quite natural in reality; the long

monotony of her illness had made her lose all count of time. When Roger left England, his idea was to coast round Africa on the eastern side until he reached the Cape; and thence to make what further journey or voyage might seem to him best in pursuit of his scientific objects. To Cape Town all his letters had been addressed of late; and there, two months before, he had received the intelligence of Osborne's death, as well as Cynthia's hasty letter of relinquishment. He did not consider that he was doing wrong in returning to England immediately, and reporting himself to the gentleman who had sent him out, with a full explanation of the circumstances relating to Osborne's private marriage and sudden death. He offered, and they accepted his offer, to go out again for any time that they might think equivalent to the five months he was yet engaged to them for. They were most of them gentlemen of property, and saw the full importance of proving the marriage of an eldest son, and installing his child as the natural heir to a long-descended estate. This much information, but in a more condensed form, Mr. Gibson gave to Molly, in a very few minutes. She sat upon her sofa, looking very pretty with the flush on her cheeks, and the brightness in her eyes.

"Well!" said she when her father stopped speaking.

"Well! what?" asked he, playfully.

"Oh! why, such a number of things. I've been waiting all day to ask you all about everything. How is he looking?"

"If a young man of twenty-four ever does take to growing taller, I should say that he was taller. As it is, I suppose it is only that he looks broader, stronger—more muscular."

"Oh! is he changed?" asked Molly, a little disturbed by this account.

"No, not changed; and yet not the same. He is as brown as a berry for one thing; caught a little of the negro tinge, and a beard as fine and sweeping as my bay-mare's tail."

"A beard! But go on, papa. Does he talk as he used to do? I should know his voice amongst ten thousand."

"I did not catch any Hottentot twang, if that's what you mean. Nor did he say, 'Cæsar and Pompey berry much alike, specially Pompey,' which is the only specimen of negro language I can remember just at this moment."

"And which I never could see the wit of," said Mrs. Gibson, who had come into the room after the conversation had begun;

and did not understand what it was aiming at. Molly fidgeted; she wanted to go on with her questions and keep her father to definite and matter-of-fact answers, and she knew that when his wife chimed into a conversation, Mr. Gibson was very apt to find out that he must go about some necessary piece of business.

"Tell me, how are they all getting on together?" It was an inquiry which she did not make in general before Mrs. Gibson, for Molly and her father had tacitly agreed to keep silence on what they knew or had observed, respecting the three who formed the present family at the Hall.

"Oh!" said Mr. Gibson, "Roger is evidently putting everything to rights in his firm, quiet way."

"Things to rights. Why, what's wrong?" asked Mrs. Gibson quickly. "The squire and the French daughter-in-law don't get on well together, I suppose? I am always so glad Cynthia acted with the promptitude she did; it would have been very awkward for her to have been mixed up with all these complications. Poor Roger! to find himself supplanted by a child when he comes home!"

"You were not in the room, my dear, when I was telling Molly of the reasons for Roger's return; it was to put his brother's child at once into his rightful and legal place. So now, when he finds the work partly done by his hands, he is happy and gratified in proportion."

"Then he is not much affected by Cynthia's breaking off her engagement?" (Mrs. Gibson could afford to call it an "engagement" now.) "I never did give him credit for very deep feelings."

"On the contrary, he feels it very acutely. He and I had a long talk about it, yesterday."

Both Molly and Mrs. Gibson would have liked to have heard something more about this conversation; but Mr. Gibson did not choose to go on with the subject. The only point which he disclosed was that Roger had insisted on his right to have a personal interview with Cynthia; and, on hearing that she was in London at present, had deferred any further explanation or expostulation by letter, preferring to await her return.

Molly went on with her questions on other subjects. "And Mrs. Osborne Hamley? How is she?"

"Wonderfully brightened up by Roger's presence. I don't think I have ever seen her smile before; but she gives him the sweetest smiles from time to time. They

are evidently good friends; and she loses her strange startled look when she speaks to him. I suspect she has been quite aware of the squire's wish that she should return to France; and has been hard put to it to decide whether to leave her child or not. The idea that she would have to make some such decision came upon her when she was completely shattered by grief and illness, and she has not had any one to consult as to her duty until Roger came, upon whom she has evidently firm reliance. He told me something of this himself."

"You seem to have had quite a long conversation with him, papa!"

"Yes. I was going to see old Abraham, when the squire called to me over the hedge, as I was jogging along. He told me the news; and there was no resisting his invitation to come back and lunch with them. Besides, one gets a great deal of meaning out of Roger's words; it did not take so very long a time to hear this much."

"I should think he would come and call upon us soon," said Mrs. Gibson to Molly; "and then we shall see how much we can manage to hear."

"Do you think he will, papa?" said Molly, more doubtfully. She remembered the last time he was in that very room, and the hopes with which he left it; and she fancied that she could see traces of this thought in her father's countenance at his wife's speech.

"I cannot tell, my dear. Until he is quite convinced of Cynthia's intentions, it cannot be very pleasant for him to come on mere visits of ceremony to the house in which he has known her; but he is one who will always do what he thinks right, whether pleasant or not."

Mrs. Gibson could hardly wait till her husband had finished his sentence before she testified against a part of it.

"Convinced of Cynthia's intentions! I should think she had made them pretty clear! What more does the man want?"

"He is not as yet convinced that the letter was not written in a fit of temporary feeling. I have told him that this was true; although I did not feel it my place to explain to him the causes of that feeling. He believes that he can induce her to resume the former footing. I do not; and I have told him so; but of course he needs the full conviction that she alone can give him."

"Poor Cynthia! My poor child!" said Mrs. Gibson, plaintively. "What she has exposed herself to by letting herself be over-persuaded by that man!"

Mr. Gibson's eyes flashed fire. But he



kept his lips tight closed; and only said, "That man, indeed!" quite below his breath.

Molly, too, had been damped by an expression or two in her father's speech. "Mere visits of ceremony!" Was it so, indeed? A "mere visit of ceremony!" Whatever it was, the call was paid before many days were over. That he felt all the awkwardness of his position towards Mrs. Gibson—that he was in reality suffering pain all the time—was but too evident to Molly; but of course Mrs. Gibson saw nothing of this in her gratification at the proper respect paid to her by one whose name was already in the newspapers that chronicled his return, and about whom already Lord Cumnor and the Towers family had been making inquiry.

Molly was sitting in her pretty white invalid's dress, half reading, half dreaming, for the June air was so clear and ambient, the garden so full of bloom, the trees so full of leaf, that reading by the open window was only a pretence at such a time; besides which Mrs. Gibson continually interrupted her with remarks about the pattern of her worsted-work. It was after lunch—orthodox calling time, when Maria ushered in Mr. Roger Hamley. Molly started up; and then stood shyly and quietly in her place while a bronzed, bearded, grave man came into the room, in whom she at first had to seek for the merry boyish face she knew by heart only two years ago. But months in the climates in which Roger had been travelling age as much as years in more temperate districts. And constant thought and anxiety while in daily peril of life deepen the lines of character upon a face. Moreover, the circumstances that had of late affected him personally were not of a nature to make him either buoyant or cheerful. But his voice was the same; that was the first point of the old friend Molly caught, when he addressed her in a tone far softer than he used in speaking conventional politenesses to her stepmother.

"I was so sorry to hear how ill you had been! You are looking but delicate!" letting his eyes rest upon her face with affectionate examination. Molly felt herself colour all over with the consciousness of his regard. To do something to put an end to it, she looked up, and showed him her beautiful soft grey eyes, which he never remembered to have noticed before. She smiled at him as she blushed still deeper, and said,—

"Oh! I am quite strong now to what I

was. It would be a shame to be ill when everything is in its full summer beauty."

"I have heard how deeply we—I am indebted to you—my father can hardly praise you!"

"Please don't," said Molly, the tears coming into her eyes in spite of herself. He seemed to understand her at once; he went on as if speaking to Mrs. Gibson: "Indeed my little sister-in-law is never weary of talking about Monsieur le Docteur, as she calls your husband!"

"I have not had the pleasure of making Mrs. Osborne Hamley's acquaintance yet," said Mrs. Gibson, suddenly aware of a duty which might have been expected from her, "and I must beg you to apologize to her for my remissness. But Molly has been such a care and anxiety to me—for, you know, I look upon her quite as my own child—that I really have not gone any where, excepting to the Towers perhaps I should say, which is just like another home to me. And then I understood that Mrs. Osborne Hamley was thinking of returning to France before long? Still it was very remiss."

The little trap thus set for news of what might be going on in the Hamley family was quite successful. Roger answered her thus:—

"I am sure Mrs. Osborne Hamley will be very glad to see any friends of the family, as soon as she is a little stronger. I hope she will not go back to France at all. She is an orphan, and I trust we shall induce her to remain with my father. But at present nothing is arranged." Then, as if glad to have got over his "visit of ceremony," he got up and took leave. When he was at the door he looked back, having, as he thought, a word more to say; but he quite forgot what it was, for he surprised Molly's intent gaze, and sudden confusion at discovery, and went away as soon as he could.

"Poor Osborne was right!" said he. "She has grown into delicate fragrant beauty just as he said she would; or is it the character which has formed her face? Now the next time I enter these doors it will be to learn my fate!"

Mr. Gibson had told his wife of Roger's desire to have a personal interview with Cynthia, rather with a view to her repeating what he said to her daughter. He did not see any exact necessity for this, it is true; but he thought that it might be advisable that she should know all the truth in which he was concerned, and he told his wife this. But she took the affair into her own management, and, although she appar-

ently agreed with Mr. Gibson, she never named the affair to Cynthia; all that she said to her was—

"Your old admirer, Roger Hamley, has come home in a great hurry in consequence of poor dear Osborne's unexpected decease. He must have been rather surprised to find the widow and her little boy established at the Hall. He came to call here the other day, and made himself really rather agreeable, although his manners are not improved by the society he has kept on his travels. Still I prophesy he will be considered as a fashionable "lion," and perhaps the very unthoughtness which jars against my sense of refinement, may even become admired in a scientific traveller, who has been into more desert places, and eaten more extraordinary food, than any other Englishman of the day. I suppose he has given up all chance of inheriting the estate, for I hear he talks of returning to Africa, and becoming a regular wanderer. Your name was not mentioned, but I believe he inquired about you from Mr. Gibson."

"There!" said she to herself, as she folded up and directed this letter; "that can't disturb her, or make her uncomfortable. And it's all the truth too, or very near it. Of course he'll want to see her when she comes back; but by that time I do hope Mr. Henderson will have proposed again, and that that affair will be all settled."

But Cynthia returned to Hollingsford one Tuesday morning, and in answer to her mother's anxious inquiries on the subject, would only say that Mr. Henderson had not offered again. Why should he? She had refused him once, and he did not know the reason of her refusal, at least one of the reasons. She did not know if she should have taken him if there had been no such person as Roger Hamley in the world. No! Uncle and aunt Kirkpatrick had never heard anything about Roger's offer, — nor had her cousins. She had always declared her wish to keep it a secret, and she had not mentioned it to any one, whatever other people might have done." Underneath this light and careless vein there were other feelings; but Mrs. Gibson was not one to probe beneath the surface. She had set her heart on Mr. Henderson's marrying Cynthia very early in their acquaintance: and to know, firstly, that the same wish had entered into his head, and that Roger's attachment to Cynthia, with its consequences, had been the obstacle; and secondly, that Cynthia herself, with all the opportunities of propinquity that she had lately had, had failed to provoke a repetition of the offer, —

it was, as Mrs. Gibson said, "enough to provoke a saint." All the rest of the day she alluded to Cynthia as a disappointing and ungrateful daughter; Molly could not make out why, and resented it for Cynthia, until the latter said, bitterly, "Never mind, Molly. Mamma is only vexed because Mr. — because I have not come back an engaged young lady."

"Yes; and I am sure you might have done, — there's the ingratitude! I am not so unjust as to want you to do what you can't do!" said Mrs. Gibson, querulously.

"But where's the ingratitude, mamma? I am very much tired, and perhaps that makes me stupid; but I cannot see the ingratitude." Cynthia spoke very wearily, leaning her head back on the sofa-cushions, as if she did not much care to have an answer.

"Why, don't you see we are doing all we can for you; dressing you well, and sending you to London; and when you might relieve us of the expenses of all this, you don't."

"No! Cynthia, I will speak," said Molly, all crimson with indignation, and pushing away Cynthia's restraining hand. "I am sure papa does not feel, and does not mind, any expense he incurs about his daughters. And I know quite well that he does not wish us to marry, unless" — She faltered and stopped.

"Unless what?" said Mrs. Gibson, half-mocking.

"Unless we love some one very dearly indeed," said Molly, in a low, firm tone.

"Well, after this tirade — really rather indelicate, I must say — I have done. I will neither help nor hinder any love-affairs of you two young ladies. In my days we were glad of the advice of our elders." And she left the room to put into fulfilment an idea which had just struck her: to write a confidential letter to Mrs. Kilpatrick, giving her her version of Cynthia's "unfortunate entanglement" and "delicate sense of honour," and hints of her entire indifference to all the masculine portion of the world, Mr. Henderson being dexterously excluded from the category.

"Oh, dear!" said Molly, throwing herself back in a chair, with a sigh of relief, as Mrs. Gibson left the room; "how cross I do get since I have been ill. But I could not bear her to speak as if papa grudged you anything."

"I am sure he does not, Molly. You need not defend him on my account. But I am sorry mamma still looks upon me as 'an encumbrance,' as the advertisements

in *The Times* always call us unfortunate children. But I have been an encumbrance to her all my life. I am getting very much into despair about everything, Molly. I shall try my luck in Russia. I have heard of a situation as English governess at Moscow, in a family owning whole provinces of land, and ~~servs~~ by the hundred. I put off writing my letter till I came home; I shall be as much out of the way there as if I was married. Oh, dear! travelling all night is not good for the spirits. How is Mr. Preston?"

"Oh, he has taken Cunnor Grange, three miles away, and he never comes in to the Hollingford tea-parties now. I saw him once in the street, but it's a question which of us tried the hardest to get out of the other's way."

"You've not said anything about Roger, yet."

"No; I did not know if you would care to hear. He is very much older-looking; quite a strong grown-up man. And papa says he is much graver. Ask me any questions, if you want to know, but I have only seen him once."

"I was in hopes he would have left the neighbourhood by this time. Mamma said he was going to travel again."

"I can't tell," said Molly. "I suppose you know," she continued, but hesitating a little before she spoke, "that he wishes to see you."

"No! I never heard. I wish he would have been satisfied with my letter. It was as decided as I could make it. If I say I won't see him, I wonder if his will or mine will be the strongest?"

"His," said Molly. "But you must see him; you owe it to him. He will never be satisfied without it."

"Suppose he talks me round into resuming the engagement? I should only break it off again."

"Surely you can't be 'talked round' if your mind is made up. But perhaps it is not really, Cynthia?" asked she, with a little wistful anxiety betraying itself in her face.

"It is quite made up. I am going to teach little Russian girls; and am never going to marry nobody."

"You are not serious, Cynthia. And yet it is a very serious thing."

But Cynthia went into one of her wild moods, and no more reason or sensible meaning was to be got out of her at the time.

## CHAPTER LVI.

## "OFF WITH THE OLD LOVE, AND ON WITH THE NEW."

THE next morning saw Mrs. Gibson in a much more contented frame of mind. She had written and posted her letter, and the next thing was to keep Cynthia in what she called a reasonable state, or, in other words, to try and cajole her into docility. But it was so much labor lost. Cynthia had already received a letter from Mr. Henderson before she came down to breakfast, — a declaration of love, a proposal of marriage as clear as words could make it; together with an intimation that, unable to wait for the slow delays of the post, he was going to follow her down to Hollingford, and would arrive at the same time that she had done herself on the previous day. Cynthia said nothing about this letter to any one. She came late into the breakfast-room, after Mr. and Mrs. Gibson had finished the actual business of the meal; but her unpunctuality was quite accounted for by the fact that she had been travelling all the night before. Molly was not as yet strong enough to get up so early. Cynthia hardly spoke, and did not touch her food. Mr. Gibson went about his daily business, and Cynthia and her mother were left alone.

"My dear," said Mrs. Gibson, "you are not eating your breakfast as you should do. I am afraid our meals seem very plain and homely to you after those in Hyde Park Street?"

"No," said Cynthia; "I am not hungry, that's all."

"If we were as rich as your uncle, I should feel it to be both a duty and a pleasure to keep an elegant table; but limited means are a sad clog to one's wishes. I don't suppose that, work as he will, Mr. Gibson can earn more than he does at present; while the capabilities of the law are boundless. Lord Chancellor! Titles as well as fortune!"

Cynthia was almost too much absorbed in her own reflections to reply, but she did say, —

"Hundreds of briefless barristers. Take the other side, mamma."

"Well; but I have noticed that many of these have private fortunes."

"Perhaps. Mamma, I expect Mr. Henderson will come and call this morning."

"Oh, my precious child! But how do

you know? My darling Cynthia, am I to congratulate you?"

"No! I suppose I must tell you. I have had a letter this morning from him, and he is coming down by the Empire to-day."

"But he has offered? He surely must mean to offer, at any rate?"

Cynthia played with her teaspoon before she replied; then she looked up, like one startled from a dream, and caught the echo of her mother's question.

"Offered! yes, I suppose he has."

"And you accept him? Say yes, Cynthia, and make me happy!"

"I shan't say yes to make any one happy except myself, and the Russian scheme has great charms for me." She said this to plague her mother, and lessen Mrs. Gibson's exuberance of joy, it must be confessed; for her mind was pretty well made up. But it did not affect Mrs. Gibson, who affixed even less truth to it than there really was. The idea of a residence in a new, strange country, among new, strange people, was not without allurements to Cynthia.

"You always look nice, dear; but don't you think you had better put on that pretty lilac silk?"

"I shall not vary a thread or a shred from what I have got on now."

"You dear willful creature! you know you always look lovely in whatever you put on." So, kissing her daughter, Mrs. Gibson left the room, intent on the lunch which should impress Mr. Henderson at once with an idea of family refinement.

Cynthia went upstairs to Molly; she was inclined to tell her about Mr. Henderson, but she found it impossible to introduce the subject naturally, so she left it to time to reveal the future as gradually as it might. Molly was tired with a bad night; and her father, in his flying visit to his darling before going out, had advised her to stay upstairs for the greater part of the morning, and to keep quiet in her own room till after her early dinner, so Time had not a fair chance of telling her what he had in store in his budget. Mrs. Gibson sent an apology to Molly for not paying her her usual morning visit, and told Cynthia to give Mr. Henderson's probable coming as a reason for her occupation downstairs. But Cynthia did no such thing. She kissed Molly, and sat silently by her, holding her hand; till at length she jumped up, and said, "You shall be left alone now, little one. I want you to be very well and very bright this afternoon: so rest now." And Cynthia left her, and went to her own room, locked the door, and began to think.

Some one was thinking about her at the same time, and it was not Mr. Henderson. Roger had heard from Mr. Gibson that Cynthia had come home, and he was resolving to go to her at once, and have one strong, manly attempt to overcome the obstacles, whatever they might be—and of their nature he was not fully aware—that she had conjured up against the continuance of their relation to each other. He left his father—he left them all—and went off into the woods, to be alone until the time came when he might mount his horse and ride over to put his fate to the touch. He was as careful as ever not to interfere with the morning hours that were tabooed to him of old; but waiting was very hard work when he knew that she was so near, and the time so near at hand.

Yet he rode slowly, compelling himself to quietness and patience when he was once really on the way to her.

"Mrs. Gibson at home? Miss Kirkpatrick?" he asked of the servant, Maria, who opened the door. She was confused, but he did not notice it.

"I think so; I am not sure! Will you walk up into the drawing-room, sir? Miss Gibson is there, I know."

So he went upstairs, all his nerves on one strain for the coming interview with Cynthia. It was either a relief or a disappointment, he was not sure which, to find only Molly in the room. Molly, half lying on the couch in the bow-window which commanded the garden; draped in soft white drapery, very white herself, and a laced handkerchief tied over her head to save her from any ill effects of the air that blew in through the open window. He was so ready to speak to Cynthia that he hardly knew what to say to any one else.

"I am afraid you are not so well," he said to Molly, who sat up to receive him, and who suddenly began to tremble with emotion.

"I am a little tired, that's all," said she; and then she was quite silent, hoping that he might go, and yet somehow wishing him to stay. But he took a chair and placed it near her, opposite to the window. He thought that surely Maria would tell Miss Kirkpatrick that she was wanted, and that at any moment he might hear her light quick footstep on the stairs. He thought he ought to talk, but he could not think of anything to say. The pink flush came out on Molly's cheeks; once or twice she was on the point of speaking, but again she thought better of it; and the pauses between their faint disjointed remarks came longer and



longer. Suddenly, in one of these pauses, the merry murmur of distant happy voices in the garden came nearer and nearer; Molly looked more and more uneasy and flushed, and in spite of herself kept watching Roger's face. He could see over her into the garden. A sudden deep colour overspread him, as if his heart had sent its blood out coursing at full gallop. Cynthia and Mr. Henderson had come in sight; he eagerly talking to her as he bent forward to look into her face; she, her looks half averted in pretty shyness, was evidently coquetting about some flowers, which she either would not give, or would not take. Just then, for the lovers had emerged from the shrubbery into comparatively public life, Maria was seen approaching; apparently she had feminine tact enough to induce Cynthia to leave her present admirer, and go a few steps to meet her to receive the whispered message that Mr. Roger Hamley was there, and wished to speak to her. Roger could see her startled gesture, she turned back to say something to Mr. Henderson before coming towards the house. Now Roger spoke to Molly—spoke hurriedly, spoke hoarsely.

"Molly, tell me! It is too late for me to speak to Cynthia? I came on purpose. Who is that man?"

"Mr. Henderson. He only came to-day—but now he is her accepted lover. Oh, Roger, forgive me the pain!"

"Tell her I have been, and am gone. Send out word to her. Don't let her be interrupted."

And Roger ran downstairs at full speed, and Molly heard the passionate clang of the outer door. He had hardly left the house before Cynthia entered the room, pale and resolute.

"Where is he?" she said, looking around, as if he might yet be hidden.

"Gone!" said Molly, very faint.

"Gone. Oh, what a relief! It seems to be my fate never to be off with the old lover before I am on with the new, and yet I did write as decidedly as I could. Why, Molly, what's the matter?" for now Molly had fainted away utterly. Cynthia flew to the bell, summoned Maria, water, salts, wine, anything; and as soon as Molly, gasping and miserable, became conscious again, she wrote a little pencil-note to Mr. Henderson, bidding him return to the George, whence he had come in the morning, and saying that if he obeyed her at once, he might be allowed to call again in the evening, otherwise she would not see him till the next day. This she sent down by

Maria, and the unlucky man never believed but that it was Miss Gibson's sudden indisposition in the first instance that had deprived him of his charmer's company. He comforted himself for the long solitary afternoon by writing to tell all his friends of his happiness, and amongst them uncle and aunt Kirkpatrick, who received his letter by the same post as that discreet epistle of Mrs. Gibson's, which she had carefully arranged to reveal as much as she wished, and no more.

"Was he very terrible?" asked Cynthia, as she sate with Molly in the stillness of Mrs. Gibson's dressing-room.

"Oh, Cynthia, it was such pain to see him, he suffered so!"

"I don't like people of deep feelings," said Cynthia, pouting. "They don't suit me. Why could not he let me go without this fuss. I'm not worth his caring for!"

"You have the happy gift of making people love you. Remember Mr. Preston,—he too would not give up hope."

"Now I won't have you classing Roger Hamley and Mr. Preston together in the same sentence. One was as much too bad for me as the other is too good. Now I hope that man in the garden is the *juste milieu*,—I'm that myself, for I don't think I'm vicious, and I know I'm not virtuous."

"Do you really like him enough to marry him?" asked Molly earnestly. "Do think, Cynthia. It won't do to go on throwing your lovers off; you give pain that I am sure you do not mean to do,—that you cannot understand."

"Perhaps I can't. I'm not offended. I never set up for what I am not, and I know I'm not constant. I have told Mr. Henderson so"—She stopped, blushing and smiling at the recollection.

"You have! and what did he say?"

"That he liked me just as I was; so you see he's fairly warned. Only he is a little afraid, I suppose,—for he wants me to be married very soon, almost directly in fact. But I don't know if I shall give way,—you hardly saw him, Molly,—but he's coming again to-night, and mind, I'll never forgive you if you don't think him very charming. I believe I cared for him when he offered all those months ago, but I tried to think I didn't; only sometimes I really was so unhappy, I thought I must put an iron-band round my heart to keep it from breaking, like the Faithful John of the German story,—do you remember, Molly?—how when his master came to his crown and his fortune, and his lady-love, after innumerable trials and disgraces, and was driving away

from the church where he'd been married in a coach and six, with Faithful John behind, the happy couple heard three great cracks in succession, and on inquiring, they were the iron-bands round his heart, that Faithful John had worn all during the time of his master's tribulation, to keep it from breaking."

In the evening Mr. Henderson came. Molly had been very curious to see him; and when she saw him she was not sure whether she liked him or not. He was handsome, without being conceited; gentlemanly, without being foolishly fine. He talked easily, and never said a silly thing. He was perfectly well-appointed, yet never seemed to have given a thought to his dress. He was good-tempered and kind; not without some of the cheerful flippancy of repartee which belonged to his age and profession, and which his age and profession are apt to take for wit. But he wanted something in Molly's eyes, at any rate, in this first interview, and in her heart of hearts she thought him rather commonplace. But of course she said nothing of this to Cynthia, who was evidently as happy as she could be. Mrs. Gibson, too, was in the seventh heaven of ecstasy, and spoke but little; but what she did say, expressed the highest sentiments in the finest language. Mr. Gibson was not with them for long, but while he was there he was evidently studying the unconscious Mr. Henderson with his dark penetrating eyes. Mr. Henderson behaved exactly as he ought to have done to everybody; respectful to Mr. Gibson, deferential to Mrs. Gibson, friendly to Molly, devoted to Cynthia. The next time Mr. Gibson found Molly alone, he began,—

"Well! and how do you like the new relation that is to be?"

"It is difficult to say. I think he is very nice in all his bits, but—rather dull on the whole."

"I think him perfection," said Mr. Gibson, to Molly's surprise; but in an instant afterwards she saw that he had been speaking ironically. He went on. "I don't wonder she preferred him to Roger Hamley. Such scents! such gloves! And then his hair and his cravat!"

"Now, papa, you are not fair. He is a great deal more than that. One could see that he had very good feeling; and he is very handsome, and very much attached to her."

"So was Roger. However, I must confess I shall only be too glad to have her married. She is a girl who will always have some love-affair on hand, and will

always be apt to slip through a man's fingers if he does not look sharp; as I was saying to Roger"—

"You have seen him, then, since he was here?"

"Met him in the street."

"How was he?"

"I don't suppose he had been going through the pleasantest thing in the world; but he'll get over it before long. He spoke with sense and resignation, and did not say much about it; but one could see that he was feeling it pretty sharply. He's had three months to think it over, remember. The squire, I should guess, is showing more indignation. He is boiling over, that any one should reject his son! The enormity of the sin never seems to have been apparent to him till now, when he sees how Roger is affected by it. Indeed, with the exception of myself, I don't know one reasonable father; eh, Molly?"

Whatever else Mr. Henderson might be, he was an impatient lover; he wanted to marry Cynthia directly—next week—the week after. At any rate before the long vacation, so that they could go abroad at once. Trousseaux, and preliminary ceremonies, he gave to the winds. Mr. Gibson, generous as usual, called Cynthia aside a morning or two after her engagement, and put a hundred-pound note into her hands.

"There! that's to pay your expenses to Russia and back. I hope you'll find your pupils obedient."

To his surprise, and rather to his discomfort, Cynthia threw her arms round his neck and kissed him.

"You are the kindest person I know," said she; "and I don't know how to thank you in words."

"If you tumble my shirt-collars again in that way, I'll charge you for the washing. Just now, too, when I'm trying so hard to be trim and elegant, like your Mr. Henderson."

"But you do like him, don't you?" said Cynthia, pleadingly. "He does so like you."

"Of course. We are all angels just now, and you are an arch-angel. I hope he'll wear as well as Roger."

Cynthia looked grave. "That was a very silly affair," she said. "We were two as unsuitable people"—

"It has ended, and that's enough. Besides, I've no more time to waste; and there is your smart young man coming here in all haste."

Mr. and Mrs. Kirkpatrick sent all manner of congratulations; and Mrs. Gibson,

in a private letter, assured Mrs. Kirkpatrick that her ill-timed confidence about Roger should be considered as quite private. For as soon as Mr. Henderson had made his appearance in Hollingford, she had written a second letter, entreating them not to allude to anything she might have said in her first; which she said was written in such excitement on discovering the real state of her daughter's affections, that she had hardly known what she had said, and had exaggerated some things, and misunderstood others; all that she did know now was, that Mr. Henderson had just proposed to Cynthia, and was accepted, and that they were as happy as the day was long, and ("excuse the vanity of a mother") made a most lovely couple. So Mr. and Mrs. Kirkpatrick wrote back an equally agreeable letter, praising Mr. Henderson, admiring Cynthia, and generally congratulatory; insisting into the bargain that the marriage should take place from their house in Hyde Park Street, and that Mr. and Mrs. Gibson and Molly should all come up and pay them a visit. There was a little postscript at the end. "Surely you do not mean the famous traveller, Hamley, about whose discoveries all our scientific men are so much excited. You speak of him as a young Hamley, who went to Africa. Answer this question, pray, for Helen is most anxious to know." This P.S. being in Helen's handwriting. In her exultation at the general success of everything, and desire for sympathy, Mrs. Gibson read parts of this letter to Molly; the postscript among the rest. It made a deeper impression on Molly than even the proposed kindness of the visit to London.

There were some family consultations; but the end of them all was that the Kirkpatrick invitation was accepted. There were many small reasons for this, which were openly acknowledged; but there was one general and unspoken wish to have the ceremony performed out of the immediate neighbourhood of the two men whom Cynthia had previously rejected; that was the word now to be applied to her treatment of them. So Molly was ordered and enjoined and entreated to become strong as soon as possible, in order that her health might not prevent her attending the marriage. Mr. Gibson himself, though he thought it his duty to damp the excellent anticipations of his wife and her daughter, being not at all averse to the prospect of going to London, and seeing half-a-dozen old friends, and many scientific exhibitions, independently

of the very fair amount of liking which he had for his host, Mr. Kirkpatrick himself.

## CHAPTER LVII.

## BRIDAL VISITS AND ADIEUX.

THE whole town of Hollingford came to congratulate and inquire into particulars. Some indeed — Mrs. Goodenough at the head of this class of malcontents — thought that they were defrauded of their right to a fine show by Cynthia's being married in London. Even Lady Cumnor was moved into action. She, who had hardly ever paid calls "out of her own sphere," who had only once been to see "Clare" in her own house — she came to congratulate after her fashion. Maria had only just time to run up into the drawing-room, one morning, and say, —

"Please, ma'am, the great carriage from the Towers is coming up to the gate, and my lady the Countess is sitting inside." It was but eleven o'clock, and Mrs. Gibson would have been indignant at any commoner who had ventured to call at such an untimely hour, but in the case of the Peerage the rules of domestic morality were relaxed.

The family "stood at arms," as it were, till Lady Cumnor appeared in the drawing-room; and then she had to be settled in the best chair, and the light adjusted before anything like conversation began. She was the first to speak; and Lady Harriet, who had begun a few words to Molly, dropped into silence.

"I have been taking Mary — Lady Cuxhaven — to the railway station on this new line between Birmingham and London, and I thought I would come on here, and offer you my congratulations. Clare, which is the young lady?" — putting up her glasses, and looking at Cynthia and Molly, who were dressed pretty much alike. "I did not think it would be amiss to give you a little advice, my dear," said she, when Cynthia had been properly pointed out to her as bride elect. "I have heard a good deal about you; and I am only too glad, for your mother's sake, — your mother is a very worthy woman, and did her duty very well while she was in our family — I am truly rejoiced, I say, to hear that you are going to make so creditable a marriage. I hope it will efface your former errors of conduct — which, we will hope, were but trivial in reality — and that you will live to be a comfort to your mother, — for whom both

Lord Cumnor and I entertain a very sincere regard. But you must conduct yourself with discretion in whatever state of life it pleases God to place you, whether married or single. You must reverence your husband, and conform to his opinion in all things. Look up to him as your head, and do nothing without consulting him."—It was as well that Lord Cumnor was not amongst the audience; or he might have compared precept with practice.—"Keep strict accounts; and remember your station in life. I understand that Mr.——" looking about for some help as to the name she had forgotten—"Henderson—Henderson is in the law. Although there is a general prejudice against attorneys, I have known of two or three who are very respectable men; and I am sure Mr. Henderson is one, or your good mother and our old friend Gibson would not have sanctioned the engagement."

"He is a barrister," put in Cynthia, unable to restrain herself any longer. "Barrister-at-law."

"Ah, yes. Attorney-at-law. Barrister-at-law. I understand without your speaking so loud, my dear. What was I going to say before you interrupted me? When you have been a little in society you will find that it is reckoned bad manners to interrupt. I had a great deal more to say to you, and you have put it all out of my head. There was something else your father wanted me to ask—what was it, Harriet?"

"I suppose you mean about Mr. Hamley!"

"Oh, yes! we are intending to have the house full of Lord Hollingford's friends next month, and Lord Cumnor is particularly anxious to secure Mr. Hamley."

"The squire?" asked Mrs. Gibson in some surprise. Lady Cumnor bowed slightly, as much as to say, "If you did not interrupt me I should explain."

"The famous traveller—the scientific Mr. Hamley, I mean. I imagine he is son to the squire. Lord Hollingford knows him well; but when we asked him before, he declined coming, and assigned no reason."

Had Roger indeed been asked to the Towers and declined? Mrs. Gibson could not understand it. Lady Cumnor went on—

"Now this time we are particularly anxious to secure him, and my son Lord Hollingford will not return to England until the very week before the Duke of Atherstone is coming to us. I believe Mr. Gibson is very intimate with Mr. Hamley; do

you think he could induce him to favour us with his company?"

And this from the proud Lady Cumnor; and the object of it Roger Hamley, whom she had all but turned out of her drawing-room two years ago for calling at an untimely hour; and whom Cynthia had turned out of her heart. Mrs. Gibson was surprised, and could only murmur out that she was sure Mr. Gibson would do all that her ladyship wished.

"Thank you. You know me well enough to be aware that I am not the person, nor is the Towers the house, to go about soliciting guests. But in this instance I bend my head; high rank should always be the first to honour those who have distinguished themselves by art or science."

"Besides, mamma," said Lady Harriet, "papa was saying that the Hamleys have been on their land since before the Conquest; while we only came into the country a century ago; and there is a tale that the first Cumnor began his fortune through selling tobacco in King James's reign."

If Lady Cumnor did not exactly shift her trumpet and take snuff there on the spot, she behaved in an equivalent manner. She began a low-toned but nevertheless authoritative conversation with Clare about the details of the wedding, which lasted until she thought it fit to go, when she abruptly plucked Lady Harriet up, and carried her off in the very midst of a description she was giving to Cynthia about the delights of Spa, which was to be one of the resting-places of the newly-married couple on their wedding-tour.

Nevertheless she prepared a handsome present for the bride: a Bible and a Prayer-book bound in velvet with silver-clasps; and also a collection of household account-books, at the beginning of which Lady Cumnor wrote down with her own hand the proper weekly allowance of bread, butter, eggs, meat, and groceries per head, with the London prices of the articles, so that the most inexperienced housekeeper might ascertain if her expenditure exceeded her means, as she expressed herself in the note which she sent with the handsome, dull present.

"If you are driving into Hollingford, Harriet, perhaps you will take these books to Miss Kirkpatrick," said Lady Cumnor, after she had sealed her note with all the straitness and correctness befitting a countess of her immaculate character. "I understand they are all going up to London to-morrow for this wedding, in spite of what I said to Clare of the duty of being mar-



ried in one's own parish-church. She told me at the time that she entirely agreed with me, but that her husband had such a strong wish for a visit to London, that she did not know how she could oppose him consistently with her wifely duty. I advised her to repeat to him my reasons for thinking that they would be ill-advised to have the marriage in town; but I am afraid she has been overruled. That was her one great fault when she lived with us; she was always so yielding, and never knew how to say 'No.'

"Mamma!" said Lady Harriet, with a little sly coaxing in her tone. "Do you think you would have been so fond of her, if she had opposed you, and said 'No,' when you wished her to say 'Yes?'"

"To be sure I should, my dear. I like everybody to have an opinion of their own; only when my opinions are based on thought and experience, which few people have had equal opportunities of acquiring, I think it is but proper deference in others to allow themselves to be convinced. In fact, I think it is only obstinacy which keeps them from acknowledging that they are. I am not a despot, I hope?" she asked, with some anxiety.

"If you are, dear mamma," said Lady Harriet, kissing the stern uplifted face very fondly, "I like a despotism better than a republic, and I must be very despotic over my ponies, for it is already getting very late for my drive round by Ash-holt."

But when she arrived at the Gibsons', she was detained so long there by the state of the family, that she had to give up her going to Ash-holt.

Molly was sitting in the drawing-room pale and trembling, and keeping herself quiet only by a strong effort. She was the only person there when Lady Harriet entered; the room was all in disorder, strewed with presents and paper, and pasteboard boxes, and half-displayed articles of finery.

"You look like Marius sitting amidst the ruins of Carthage, my dear! What's the matter? Why have you got on that woe-gone face? This marriage is not broken off, is it? Though nothing would surprise me where the beautiful Cynthia is concerned."

"Oh, no! that's all right. But I have caught a fresh cold, and papa says he thinks I had better not go to the wedding."

"Poor little one! And it's the first visit to London too!"

"Yes. But what I most care for is the not being with Cynthia to the last; and then, papa"—she stopped, for she could hardly go on without open crying, and she

did not want to do that. Then she cleared her voice. "Papa!" she continued, "has so looked forward to this holiday,—and seeing—and—and going—oh! I can't tell you where; but he has quite a list of people and sights to be seen,—and now he says he should not be comfortable to leave me all alone for more than three days,—two for travelling, and one for the wedding." Just then Mrs. Gibson came in, ruffled too after her fashion, though the presence of Lady Harriet was wonderfully smoothing.

"My dear Lady Harriet—how kind of you! Ah, yes, I see this poor unfortunate child has been telling you of her ill-luck; just when everything was going on so beautifully; I am sure it was that open window at your back, Molly,—you know you would persist that it could do you no harm, and now you see the mischief! I am sure I shan't be able to enjoy myself—and at my only child's wedding too—without you; for I can't think of leaving you without Maria. I would rather sacrifice anything myself than think of you, uncared for, and dismal at home."

"I am sure Molly is as sorry as any one," said Lady Harriet.

"No. I don't think she is," said Mrs. Gibson, with happy disregard of the chronology of events, "or she would not have sate with her back to an open window the day before yesterday, when I told her not. But it can't be helped now. Papa too—but it is my duty to make the best of everything, and look at the cheerful side of life. I wish I could persuade her to do the same" (turning and addressing Lady Harriet). "But you see it is a great mortification to a girl of her age to lose her first visit to London."

"It is not that," began Molly; but Lady Harriet made her a little sign to be silent while she herself spoke.

"Now, Clare! you and I can manage it all, I think, if you will but help me in a plan I have got in my head. Mr. Gibson shall stay as long as ever he can in London; and Molly shall be well cared for, and have some change of air and scene too, which is really what she needs as much as anything, in my poor opinion. I can't spirit her to the wedding and give her a sight of London; but I can carry her off to the Towers, and invite her myself; and send daily bulletins up to London, so that Mr. Gibson may feel quite at ease, and stay with you as long as you like. What do you say to it, Clare?"

"Oh, I could not go," said Molly; "I should only be a trouble to everybody."

"Nobody asked you for your opinion, little one. If we wise elders decide that you are to go, you must submit in silence."

Meanwhile Mrs. Gibson was rapidly balancing advantages and disadvantages. Amongst the latter, jealousy came in predominant. Amongst the former, — it would sound well; Maria could then accompany Cynthia and herself as "their maid," — Mr. Gibson would stay longer with her, and it was always desirable to have a man at her beck and call in such a place as London; besides that, this identical man was gentlemanly and good-looking, and a favourite with her prosperous brother-in-law. The ayes had it.

"What a charming plan! I cannot think of anything kinder or pleasanter for this poor darling. Only — what will Lady Cumnor say? I am modest for my family as much as for myself," she continued.

"You know mamma's sense of hospitality is never more gratified than when the house is quite full; and papa is just like her. Besides she is fond of you, and grateful to our good Mr. Gibson, and will be fond of you, little one, when she knows you as I do."

Molly's heart sank within her at the prospect. Excepting on the one evening of her father's wedding-day, she had never even seen the outside of the Towers since that unlucky day in her childhood when she had fallen asleep on Clare's bed. She had a dread of the countess, a dislike to her house, only it seemed as if it was a solution to the problem of what to do with her, which had been perplexing every one all morning, and so evidently that it had caused her much distress. She kept silence, though her lips quivered from time to time. Oh, if Miss Brownings had not chosen this very time of all others to pay their monthly visit to Miss Hornblower! if she could only have gone there, and lived with them in their quaint, quiet, primitive way, instead of having to listen, without remonstrance, to hearing plans discussed about her, as if she was an inanimate chattel.

"She shall have the south pink room, opening out of mine by one door, you remember; and the dressing-room shall be made into a cozy little sitting-room for her, in case she likes to be by herself. Parkes shall attend upon her, and I am sure Mr. Gibson must know Parkes's powers as a nurse by this time. We shall have all manner of agreeable people in the house to amuse her downstairs; and when she has got rid of this access of cold, I will drive her out every day, and write daily bulletins, as I said. Pray tell Mr. Gibson all that,

and let it be considered as settled. I will come for her in the close carriage to-morrow, at eleven. And now may I see the lovely bride elect, and give her mamma's present, and my own good wishes?"

So Cynthia came in, and demurely received the very proper present, and the equally coveted congratulations, without testifying any very great delight or gratitude at either; for she was quite quick enough to detect there was no great afflux of affection accompanying either. But when she heard her mother quickly recapitulating all the details of the plan for Molly, Cynthia's eyes did sparkle with gladness; and almost to Lady Harriet's surprise, she thanked her as if she had conferred a personal favour upon her, Cynthia. Lady Harriet saw, too, that in a very quiet way, she had taken Molly's hand, and was holding it all the time, as if loth to think of their approaching separation. — somehow, she and Lady Harriet were brought nearer together by this little action than they had ever been before.

Molly had hoped that her father might have raised some obstacles to the project: she was disappointed. But, indeed, she did not when she perceived how he seemed to feel that, by placing her under the care of Lady Harriet and Parkes, he should be relieved from anxiety; and now he spoke of this change of air and scene as being the very thing he had been wishing to secure for her: country air, and absence of excitement as this would be; for the only other place where he could have secured her these advantages, and at the same time sent her as an invalid, was to Hamley Hall; and he dreaded the associations there with the beginning of her present illness.

So Molly was driven off in state the next day, leaving her own home all in confusion with the assemblage of boxes and trunks in the hall, and all the other symptoms of the approaching departure of the family for London and the wedding. All the morning Cynthia had been with her in her room, attending to the arrangement of Molly's clothes, instructing her what to wear with what, and rejoicing over the pretty smartnesses, which, having been prepared for her as bridesmaid, were now to serve as adornments for her visit to the Towers. Both Molly and Cynthia spoke about dress as if it was the very object of their lives; for each dreaded the introduction of more serious subjects; Cynthia more for Molly than herself. Only when the carriage was announced, and Molly was preparing to go downstairs, Cynthia said, —

"I am not going to thank you, Molly, or to tell you how I love you."

"Don't," said Molly, "I can't bear it."

"Only you know you're to be my first visitor, and if you wear brown ribbons to a green gown, I'll turn you out of the house!" So they parted. Mr. Gibson was there in the hall to hand Molly in. He had ridden hard; and was now giving her two or three last injunctions as to her health.

"Think of us on Thursday," said he. "I declare I don't know which of her three lovers she may not summon at the very last moment to act the part of bridegroom. I'm determined to be surprised at nothing; and will give her away with a good grace to whoever comes."

They drove away, and until they were out of sight of the house, Molly had enough to do to keep returning the kisses of the hand wafted to her by her stepmother out of the drawing-room window, while at the same time her eyes were fixed on a white handkerchief fluttering out of the attic from which she herself had watched Roger's departure nearly two years before. What changes time had brought!

When Molly arrived at the Towers she was conveyed into Lady Cumnor's presence by Lady Harriet. It was a mark of respect to the lady of the house, which the latter knew that her mother would expect; but she was anxious to get it over, and take Molly up into the room which she had been so busy in arranging for her. Lady Cumnor was, however, very kind, if not positively gracious.

"You are Lady Harriet's visitor, my dear," said she, "and I hope will she take good care of you. If not, come and complain of her to me." It was as near an approach to a joke as Lady Cumnor ever perpetrated, and from it Lady Harriet knew that her mother was pleased by Molly's manners and appearance.

"Now, here you are in your own kingdom; and into this room I shan't venture to come without express permission. Here is the last new Quarterly, and the last new novel, and the last new essay. Now, my dear, you need not come down again to-day unless you like it. Parkes shall bring you everything and anything you want. You must get strong as fast as you can, for all sorts of great and famous people are coming to-morrow and the next day, and I think you'll like to see them. Suppose for to-day you only come down to lunch, and if you like it, in the evening. Dinner is such a wearily long meal, if one is not strong; and you would not miss much, for there is only

my cousin Charles in the house now, and he is the personification of sensible silence."

Molly was only too glad to allow Lady Harriet to decide everything for her. It had begun to rain, and was, altogether, a gloomy day for August; and there was a small fire of scented wood burning cheerfully in the sitting-room appropriated to her. High up, it commanded a wide and pleasant view over the park, and from it could be seen the spire of Hollingford Church, which gave Molly a pleasant idea of neighbourhood to home. She was left alone, lying on the sofa — books near her, wood crackling and blazing, wafts of wind bringing the beating rain against the window, and so enhancing the sense of indoor comfort by the outdoor contrast. Parkes was unpacking for her. Lady Harriet had introduced Parkes to Molly by saying, "Now, Molly, this is Mrs. Parkes, the only person I ever am afraid of. She scolds me if I dirty myself with my paints, just as if I was a little child; and she makes me go to bed when I want to sit up," — Parkes was smiling grimly all the time; — "so to get rid of her tyranny I give her you as victim. Parkes, rule over Miss Gibson with a rod of iron; make her eat and drink, and rest and sleep, and dress as you think wisest and best."

Parkes had begun her reign by putting Molly on the sofa, and saying, "If you will give me your keys, Miss, I will unpack your things, and let you know when it is time for me to arrange your hair, preparatory to luncheon." For if Lady Harriet used familiar colloquialisms from time to time, she certainly had not learnt it from Parkes, who piqued herself on the correctness of her language.

When Molly went down to lunch she found "cousin Charles," with his aunt, Lady Cumnor. He was a certain Sir Charles Morton, the son of Lady Cumnor's only sister: a plain, sandy-haired man of thirty-five or so; immensely rich, very sensible, awkward, and reserved. He had had a chronic attachment, of many years' standing, to his cousin, Lady Harriet, who did not care for him in the least, although it was the marriage very earnestly desired for her by her mother. Lady Harriet was, however, on friendly terms with him, ordered him about, and told him what to do, and what to leave undone, without having even a doubt as to the willingness of his obedience. She had given him his cue about Molly.

"Now, Charles, the girl wants to be interested and amused without having to take any trouble for herself; she is too delicate to be very active either in mind or body.

Just look after her when the house gets full, and place her where she can hear and see everything and everybody, without any fuss and responsibility."

So Sir Charles began this day at luncheon by taking Molly under his quiet protection. He did not say much to her; but what he did say was thoroughly friendly and sympathetic; and Molly began, as he and Lady Harriet intended that she should, to have a kind of pleasant reliance upon him. Then in the evening while the rest of the family were at dinner—after Molly's tea and hour of quiet repose, Parkes came and dressed her in some of the new clothes prepared for the Kirkpatrick visit, and did her hair in some new and pretty way, so that when Molly looked at herself in the cheval-glass, she scarcely knew the elegant reflection to be that of herself. She was fetched down by Lady Harriet into the great long formidable drawing-room, which, as an interminable place of pacing, had haunted her dreams ever since her childhood. At the further end sat Lady Cumnor at her tapestry work; the light of fire and candle seemed all concentrated on that one bright part where presently Lady Harriet made tea, and Lord Cumnor went to sleep, and Sir Charles read passages aloud from the *Edinburgh Review* to the three ladies at their work.

When Molly went to bed she was constrained to admit that staying at the Towers as a visitor was rather pleasant than otherwise; and she tried to reconcile old impressions with new ones, until she fell asleep. There was another comparatively quiet day before the expected guests began to arrive in the evening. Lady Harriet took Molly a drive in her little pony-carriage; and for the first time for many weeks Molly began to feel the delightful spring of returning health; the dance of youthful spirits in the fresh air cleared by the previous day's rain.

#### CHAPTER LVIII.

##### REVIVING HOPES AND BRIGHTENING PROSPECTS.

"If you can without fatigue, dear, do come down to dinner to-day; you'll then see the people one by one as they appear, instead of having to encounter a crowd of strangers. Hollingsford will be here too. I hope you'll find it pleasant."

So Molly made her appearance at dinner that day; and got to know, by sight at least,

some of the most distinguished of the visitors at the Towers. The next day was Thursday, Cynthia's wedding-day; bright and fine in the country, whatever it might be in London. And there were several letters from the home-people awaiting Molly when she came downstairs to the late breakfast. For every day, every hour, she was gaining strength and health, and she was unwilling to continue her invalid habits any longer than was necessary. She looked so much better that Sir Charles noticed it to Lady Harriet; and several of the visitors spoke of her this morning as a very pretty, lady-like, and graceful girl. This was Thursday; on Friday, as Lady Harriet had told her, some visitors from the more immediate neighbourhood were expected to stay over the Sunday: but she had not mentioned their names, and when Molly went down into the drawing-room before dinner, she was almost startled by perceiving Roger Hamley in the centre of a group of gentlemen, who were all talking together eagerly, and, as it seemed to her, making him the object of their attention. He made a hitch in his conversation, lost the precise meaning of a question addressed to him, answered it rather hastily, and made his way to where Molly was sitting, a little behind Lady Harriet. He had heard that she was staying at the Towers, but he was almost as much surprised as she was by his unexpected appearance, for he had only seen her once or twice since his return from Africa, and then in the guise of an invalid. Now in her pretty evening dress, with her hair beautifully dressed, her delicate complexion flushed a little with timidity, yet her movements and manners bespeaking quiet ease, Roger hardly recognized her, although he acknowledged her identity. He began to feel that admiring deference which most young men experience when conversing with a very pretty girl: a sort of desire to obtain her good opinion in a manner very different to his old familiar friendliness. He was annoyed when Sir Charles, whose especial charge she still was, came up to take her in to dinner. He could not quite understand the smile of mutual intelligence that passed between the two, each being aware of Lady Harriet's plan of sheltering Molly from the necessity of talking, and acting in conformity with her wishes as much as with their own. Roger found himself puzzling, and watching them from time to time during dinner. Again in the evening he sought her out, but found her again pre-occupied with one of the young men staying in the house, who had had the advantage of two

days of mutual interest, and acquaintance with the daily events and jokes and anxieties of the family-circle. Molly could not help wishing to break off all this trivial talk and to make room for Roger; she had so much to ask him about everything at the Hall; he was, and had been such a stranger to them all for these last two months, and more. But though each wanted to speak to the other more than to any one else in the room, it so happened that everything seemed to conspire to prevent it. Lord Hollingford carried off Roger to the clatter of middle-aged men; he was wanted to give his opinion upon some scientific subject. Mr. Ernest Watson, the young man referred to above, kept his place by Molly, as the prettiest girl in the room, and almost dazed her by his never-ceasing flow of clever small-talk. She looked so tired and pale at last that the ever-watchful Lady Harriet sent Sir Charles to the rescue, and after a few words with Lady Harriet, Roger saw Molly quietly leave the room; and a sentence or two which he heard Lady Harriet address to her cousin made him know that it was for the night. Those sentences might bear another interpretation to the obvious one.

"Really, Charles, considering that she is in your charge, I think you might have saved her from the chatter and patter of Mr. Watson; I can only stand it when I am in the strongest health."

Why was Molly in Sir Charles' charge? why? Then Roger remembered many little things that might serve to confirm the fancy he had got into his head; and he went to bed puzzled and annoyed. It seemed to him such an incongruous, hastily-got-up sort of engagement, if engagement it really was. On Saturday they were more fortunate; they had a long *tête-à-tête* in the most public place in the house — on a sofa in the hall where Molly was resting at Lady Harriet's command before going upstairs after a walk. Roger was passing through, and saw her, and came to her. Standing before her, and making pretence of playing with the goldfish in a great marble basin close at hand, —

"I was very unlucky," said he. "I wanted to get near you last night, but it was quite impossible. You were so busy talking to Mr. Watson, until Sir Charles Morton came and carried you off — with such an air of authority! Have you known him long?"

Now this was not at all the manner in which Roger had pre-determined that he would speak of Sir Charles to Molly; but the words came out in spite of himself.

"No! not long. I never saw him before I came here — on Tuesday. But Lady Harriet told him to see that I did not get tired, for I wanted to come down; but you know I have not been strong. He is a cousin of Lady Harriet's, and does all she tells him to do."

"Oh! he is not handsome; but I believe he is a very sensible man."

"Yes! I should think so. He is so silent though, that I can hardly judge."

"He bears a very high character in the county," said Roger, willing now to give him his full due.

Molly stood up.

"I must go upstairs," she said; "I only sate down here for a minute or two because Lady Harriet bade me."

"Stop a little longer," said he. "This is really the pleasantest place; this basin of water-lilies gives one the idea, if not the sensation, of coolness; besides — it seems so long since I saw you, and I have a message from my father to give you. He is very angry with you."

"Angry with me?" said Molly, in surprise.

"Yes! He heard that you had come here for change of air; and he was offended that you had not come to us — to the Hall, instead. He said that you should have remembered old friends!"

Molly took all this quite gravely, and did not at first notice the smile on his face.

"Oh! I am so sorry!" said she. "But will you please tell him how it all happened. Lady Harriet called the very day when it was settled that I was not to go to — Cynthia's wedding she was going to add, but she suddenly stopped short, and, blushing deeply, changed the expression, 'go to London, and she planned it all in a minute, and convinced mamma and papa, and had her own way. There was really no resisting her.'"

"I think you will have to tell all this to my father yourself, if you mean to make your peace. Why can you not come on to the Hall when you leave the Towers?"

To go in the cool manner suggested from one house to another, after the manner of a royal progress, was not at all according to Molly's primitive home-keeping notions. She made answer, —

"I should like it very much, some time. But I must go home first. They will want me more than ever now" —

Again she felt herself touching on a sore subject, and stopped short. Roger became annoyed at her so constantly conjecturing what he must be feeling on the subject of



Cynthia's marriage. With sympathetic perception she had discerned that the idea must give him pain; and perhaps she also knew that he would dislike to show the pain: but she had not the presence of mind or ready wit to give a skilful turn to the conversation. All this annoyed Roger, he could hardly tell why. He determined to take the metaphorical bull by the horns. Until that was done, his footing with Molly would always be insecure; as it always is between two friends, who mutually avoid a subject to which their thoughts perpetually recur.

"Ah, yes!" said he. "Of course you must be of double importance now Miss Kirkpatrick has left you. I saw her marriage in *The Times* yesterday."

His tone of voice was changed in speaking of her, but her name had been named between them, and that was the great thing to accomplish.

"Still," he continued, "I think I must urge my father's claim for a short visit, and all the more, because I can really see the apparent improvement in your health since I came,—only yesterday. Besides, Molly," it was the old familiar Roger of former days who spoke now, "I think you could help us at home. Aimée is shy and awkward with my father, and he has never taken quite kindly to her,—yet I know they would like and value each other, if some one could but bring them together,—and it would be such a comfort to me if this could take place before I have to leave."

"To leave—are you going away again?"

"Yes. Have you not heard? I did not complete my engagement. I am going again in September for six months."

"I remember. But somehow I fancied—you seemed to have settled down into the old way at the Hall."

"So my father appears to think. But it is not likely I shall ever make it my home again; and that is partly the reason why I want my father to adopt the notion of Aimée's living with him. Ah, here are all the people coming back from their walk. However, I shall see you again: perhaps this afternoon we may get a little quiet time, for I have a great deal to consult you about."

They separated then, and Molly went upstairs very happy, very full and warm at her heart; it was so pleasant to have Roger talking to her in this way, like a friend; she had once thought that she could never look upon the great brown-bearded celebrity in the former light of almost brotherly intimacy, but now it was all coming right.

There was no opportunity for renewed confidences that afternoon. Molly went a quiet decorous drive as fourth with two dowagers and one spinster; but it was very pleasant to think that she should see him again at dinner, and again to-morrow. On the Sunday evening, as they were all sitting and loitering on the lawn before dinner, Roger went on with what he had to say about the position of his sister-in-law in his father's house: the mutual bond between the mother and grandfather being the child; who was also, through jealousy, the bone of contention and the severance. There were many little details to be given in order to make Molly quite understand the difficulty of the situations on both sides; and the young man and the girl became absorbed in what they were talking about, and wandered away into the shade of the long avenue. Lady Harriet separated herself from a group and came up to Lord Hollingford, who was sauntering a little apart, and putting her arm within his with the familiarity of a favourite sister, she said,—

"Don't you think that your pattern young man, and my favourite young woman, are finding out each other's good qualities?"

He had not been observing as she had been.

"Who do you mean?" said he.

"Look along the avenue; who are those?"

"Mr. Hamley and—is it not Miss Gibson? I can't quite make out. Oh! if you're letting your fancy run off in that direction, I can tell you it's quite waste of time. Roger Hamley is a man who will soon have an European reputation!"

"That's very possible, and yet it does not make any difference in my opinion. Molly Gibson is capable of appreciating him."

"She is a very pretty, good little country-girl. I don't mean to say anything against her, but"—

"Remember the Charity Ball; you called her 'unusually intelligent' after you had danced with her there. But after all we are like the genie and the fairy in the *Arabian Nights' Entertainment*, who each cried up the merits of the Prince Caramalzaman and the Princess Badoura."

"Hamley is not a marrying man."

"How do you know?"

"I know that he has very little private fortune, and I know that science is not a remunerative profession, if profession it can be called."

"Oh, if that's all—a hundred things

may happen — some one may leave him a fortune — or this tiresome little heir that nobody wanted, may die."

"Hush, Harriet, that's the worst of allowing yourself to plan far ahead for the future; you are sure to contemplate the death of some one, and to reckon upon the contingency as affecting events."

"As if lawyers were not always doing something of the kind!"

"Leave it to those to whom it is necessary. I dislike planning marriages or looking forward to deaths about equally."

"You are getting very prosaic and tiresome, Hollingford!"

"Only getting!" said he smiling. "I thought you had always looked upon me as a tiresome matter-of-fact fellow."

"Now, if you're going to fish for a compliment, I am gone. Only remember my prophecy when my vision comes to pass; or make a bet, and whoever wins shall spend the money on a present to Prince Caramalzaman or Princess Badoura, as the case may be."

Lord Hollingford remembered his sister's words as he heard Roger say to Molly as he was leaving the Towers on the following day. —

"Then I may tell my father that you will come and pay him a visit next week? You don't know what pleasure it will give him." He had been on the point of saying "will give us," but he had an instinct which told him it was as well to consider Molly's promised visit as exclusively made to his father.

The next day Molly went home; she was astonished at herself for being so sorry to leave the Towers; and found it difficult, if not impossible, to reconcile the long-fixed idea of the house as a place wherein to suffer all a child's tortures of dismay and forlornness with her new and fresh conception. She had gained health, she had had pleasure, the faint fragrance of a new and unacknowledged hope had stolen into her life. No wonder that Mr. Gibson was struck with the improvement in her looks, and Mrs. Gibson impressed with her increased grace.

"Ah, Molly," said she, "it's really wonderful to see what a little good society will do for a girl. Even a week of association with such people as one meets with at the Towers is, as somebody said of a lady of rank whose name I have forgotten, 'a polite education in itself.' There is something quite different about you — a *je ne sais quoi* — that would tell me at once that you have been mingling with the aristocracy. With all her charms, it was what my darling Cynthia wanted; not that Mr. Hender-

son thought so, for a more devoted lover can hardly be conceived. He absolutely bought her a parure of diamonds. I was obliged to say to him that I had studied to preserve her simplicity of taste, and that he must not corrupt her with too much luxury. But I was rather disappointed at their going off without a maid. It was the one blemish in the arrangements, the spot in the sun. Dear Cynthia, when I think of her, I do assure you, Molly, I make it my nightly prayer that I may be able to find you just such another husband. And all this time you have never told me who you met at the Towers?"

Molly ran over a list of names. Roger Hamley's came last.

"Upon my word! That young man is pushing his way up!"

"The Hamleys are a far older family than the Cummins," said Molly, flushing up.

"Now, Molly, I can't have you democratic. Rank is a great distinction. It is quite enough to have dear papa with democratic tendencies. But we won't begin to quarrel. Now that you and I are left alone we ought to be bosom friends, and I hope we shall be. Roger Hamley did not say much about that unfortunate little Osborne Hamley, I suppose."

"On the contrary. He says his father dotes on the child; and he seemed very proud of him, himself."

"I thought the squire must be getting very much infatuated with something. I daresay the French mother takes care of that. Why! he has scarcely taken any notice of you for this month or more, and before that you were everything."

It was about six weeks since Cynthia's engagement had become publicly known, and that might have had something to do with the squire's desertion, Molly thought. But she said, —

"The squire has sent me an invitation to go and stay there next week if you have no objection, mamma. They seem to want a companion for Mrs. Osborne Hamley, who is not very strong."

"I can hardly tell what to say, — I don't like your having to associate with a Frenchwoman of doubtful rank; and I can't bear the thought of losing my child — my only daughter now. I did ask Helen Kirkpatrick, but she can't come for some time; and the house is going to be altered. Papa has consented to build me another room at last, for Cynthia and Mr. Henderson will, of course, come and see us; we shall have many more visitors, I expect, and your bedroom will make a capital lumber-room; and

Maria wants a week's holiday. I am always so unwilling to put any obstacles in the way of any one's pleasure,—weakly unwilling, I believe,—but it certainly would be very convenient to have you out of the house for a few days; so, for once, I will waive my own wish for your companionship, and plead your cause with papa."

Miss Brownings came to call and hear the double batch of news. Mrs. Goodenough had come the very day on which they had returned from Miss Hornblower's, to tell them the astounding fact of Molly Gibson having gone on a visit to the Towers; not to come back at night, but to sleep there, to be there for two or three days, just as if she was a young lady of quality. So Miss Browning came to hear all the details of the wedding from Mrs. Gibson, and the history of Molly's visit at the Towers as well. But Mrs. Gibson did not like this divided interest, and some of her old jealousy of Molly's intimacy at the Towers had returned.

"Now, Molly," said Miss Browning, "let us hear how you behaved among the great folks. You must not be set up with all their attention; remember that they pay it to you for your good father's sake."

"Molly is, I think, quite aware," put in Mrs. Gibson, in her most soft and languid tone, "that she owes her privilege of visiting at such a house to Lady Cumnor's kind desire to set my mind quite at liberty at the time of Cynthia's marriage. As soon as ever I had returned home, Molly came back; indeed I should not have thought it right to let her intrude upon their kindness beyond what was absolutely necessary."

Molly felt extremely uncomfortable at all this, although perfectly aware of the entire inaccuracy of the statement.

"Well, but, Molly!" said Miss Browning, "never mind whether you went there on your own merits, or your worthy father's merits, or Mrs. Gibson's merits; but tell us what you did when you were there."

So Molly began an account of their sayings and doings, which she could have made far more interesting to Miss Browning and Miss Phoebe if she had not been conscious of her stepmother's critical listening. She had to tell it all with a mental squint; the surest way to spoil a narration. She was also subject to Mrs. Gibson's perpetual corrections of little statements which she knew to be facts. But what vexed her most of all was Mrs. Gibson's last speech before the Miss Brownings left.

"Molly has fallen into rambling ways with this visit of hers, of which she makes

so much, as if nobody had ever been in a great house but herself. She is going to Hamley Hall next week,—getting quite dissipated in fact."

Yet to Mrs. Goodenough, the next caller on the same errand of congratulation, Mrs. Gibson's tone was quite different. There had always been a tacit antagonism between the two, and the conversation now ran as follows:—

Mrs. Goodenough began,

"Well! Mrs. Gibson, I suppose I must wish you joy of Miss Cynthia's marriage; I should condole with some mothers as had lost their daughters; but you're not one of that sort, I reckon."

Now, as Mrs. Gibson was not quite sure to which "sort" of mothers the greatest credit was to be attached, she found it a little difficult how to frame her reply.

"Dear Cynthia!" she said. "One can't but rejoice in her happiness! And yet"—she ended her sentence by sighing.

"Ay. She was a young woman as would always have her followers; for, to tell the truth, she was as pretty a creature as ever I saw in my life. And all the more she needed skilful guidance. I am sure I, for one, am as glad as can be she's done so well by herself. Folks say Mr. Henderson has a handsome private fortune over and above what he makes by the law."

"There is no fear but that my Cynthia will have everything this world can give!" said Mrs. Gibson with dignity.

"Well, well! she was always a bit of a favourite of mine; and as I was saying to my granddaughter there" (for she was accompanied by a young lady, who looked keenly to the prospect of some wedding-cake), "I was never one of those who ran her down and called her a flirt and a jilt. I'm glad to hear she's like to be so well off. And now, I suppose, you'll be turning your mind to doing something for Miss Molly there?"

"If you mean by that, doing anything that can, by hastening her marriage, deprive me of the company of one who is like my own child, you are very much mistaken, Mrs. Goodenough. And pray remember, I am the last person in the world to match-make. Cynthia made Mr. Henderson's acquaintance at her uncle's in London."

"Ay! I thought her cousin was very often ill, and needing her nursing, and you were very keen she should be of use. I am not saying but what it is right in a mother; I'm only putting in a word for Miss Molly."

"Thank you, Mrs. Goodenough," said

Molly, half-angry, half-laughing. "When I want to be married, I'll not trouble mamma. I'll look out for myself."

"Molly is becoming so popular, I hardly know how we shall keep her at home," said Mrs. Gibson. "I miss her sadly; but, as I said to Mr. Gibson, let young people have change, and see a little of the world while they are young. It has been a great advantage to her being at the Towers while so many clever and distinguished people were there. I can already see a difference in her tone of conversation: an elevation in her choice of subjects. And now she is going to Hamley Hall. I can assure you I feel quite a proud mother, when I see how she is sought after. And my other daughter—my Cynthia—writing such letters from Paris!"

"Things is a deal changed since my days, for sure," said Mrs. Goodenough. "So, perhaps, I'm no judge. When I was married first, him and me went in a post-chaise to his father's house, a matter of twenty mile off at the outside; and sate down to as good a supper amongst his friends and relations as you'd wish to see. And that was my first wedding jaunt. My second was when I better knowed my worth as a bride, and thought that now or never I must see London. But I were reckoned a very extravagant sort of a body to go so far, and spend my money, though Jerry had left me uncommon well off. But now young folks go off to Paris, and think nothing of the cost: and it's well if wilful waste don't make woeful want before they die. But I'm thankful somewhat is being done for Miss Molley's chances, as I said afore. It's not quite what I should have liked to have done for my Anna-Maria though. But times are changed, as I said just now."

#### CHAPTER LIX.

##### MOLLY GIBSON AT HAMLEY HALL.

THE conversation ended there for the time. Wedding-cake and wine were brought in, and it was Molly's duty to serve them out. But those last words of Mrs. Goodenough's tingled in her ears, and she tried to interpret them to her own satisfaction in any way but the obvious one. And that, too, was destined to be confirmed; for directly after Mrs. Goodenough took her leave, Mrs. Gibson desired Molly to carry away the tray to a table close to an open corner window, where the things might be placed in readiness for any future callers;

and underneath this open window went the path from the house-door to the road. Molly heard Mrs. Goodenough saying to her granddaughter,—

"That Mrs. Gibson is a deep un. There's Mr. Roger Hamley as like as not to have the Hall estate, and she sends Molly a-visit-ing"—and then she passed out of hearing. Molly could have burst out crying, with a full sudden conviction of what Mrs. Goodenough had been alluding to: her sense of the impropriety of Molly's going to visit at the Hall when Roger was at home. To be sure Mrs. Goodenough was a commonplace, unrefined woman. Mrs. Gibson did not seem to have even noticed the allusion. Mr. Gibson took it all as a matter of course that Molly should go to the Hall as simply now, as she had done before. Roger had spoken of it in so straightforward a manner as showed he had no conception of its being an impropriety,—this visit,—this visit until now so happy a subject of anticipation. Molly felt as if she could never speak to any one of the idea to which Mrs. Goodenough's words had given rise; as if she could never be the first to suggest the notion of impropriety, which pre-supposed what she blushed to think of. Then she tried to comfort herself by reasoning. If it had been wrong, forward, or indelicate, really improper in the slightest degree, who would have been so ready as her father to put his veto upon it? But reasoning was of no use after Mrs. Goodenough's words had put fancies into Molly's head. The more she bade these fancies begone the more they answered her (as Daniel O'Rourke did the man in the moon, when he bade Dan get off his seat on the sickle, and go into empty space), "The more ye ask us the more we won't stir." One may smile at a young girl's miseries of this description; but they are very real and stinging miseries to her. All that Molly could do was to resolve on a single eye to the dear old squire, and his mental and bodily comforts; to try and heal up any breaches which might have occurred between him and Aimée; and to ignore Roger as much as possible. Good Roger! Kind Roger! Dear Roger! It would be very hard to avoid him as much as was consistent with common politeness; but it would be right to do it; and when she was with him she must be as natural as possible, or he might observe some difference; but what was natural? How much ought she avoid being with him? Would he even notice if she was more chary of her company, more calculating of her words? Alas! the

simplicity of their intercourse was spoilt henceforward! She made laws for herself; she resolved to devote herself to the squire and to Aimée, and to forget Mrs. Goodenough's foolish speeches; but her perfect freedom was gone; and with it half her chance, that is to say, half her chance would have been lost over any strangers who had not known her before: they would probably have thought her stiff and awkward, and apt to say things and then retract them. But she was so different from her usual self that Roger noticed the change in her as soon as she arrived at the Hall. She had carefully measured out the days of her visit; they were to be exactly the same number as she had spent at the Towers. She feared lest if she stayed at the Hall a shorter time the squire might be annoyed. Yet how charming the place looked in its early autumnal glow as she drove up! And there was Roger at the hall-door waiting to receive her, watching for her coming. And now he retreated, apparently to summon his sister-in-law, who came now timidly forward in her deep widow's mourning, holding her boy in her arms as if to protect her shyness; but he struggled down, and ran towards the carriage, eager to greet his friend the coachman, and to obtain a promised ride. Roger did not say much himself: he wanted to make Aimée feel her place as daughter of the house; but she was too timid to speak much. And she only took Molly by the hand and led her into the drawing-room, where, as if by a sudden impulse of gratitude for all the tender nursing she had received during her illness, she put her arms round Molly and kissed her long and well. And after that they came to be friends.

It was nearly lunch-time, and the squire always made his appearance at that meal, more for the pleasure of seeing his grandson eat his dinner, than for any hunger of his own. To-day Molly quickly saw the whole state of the family affairs. She thought that even had Roger said nothing about them at the Towers, she should have found out that neither the father nor the daughter-in-law had as yet found the clue to each other's characters, although they had now been living for several months in the same house. Aimée seemed to forget her English in her nervousness; and to watch with the jealous eyes of a dissatisfied mother all the proceedings of the squire towards her little boy. They were not of the wisest kind, it must be owned; the child sipped the strong ale with evident relish, and clamoured for everything which he saw the oth-

ers enjoying. Aimée could hardly attend to Molly for her anxiety as to what her boy was doing and eating; yet she said nothing. Roger took the end of the table opposite to that at which sat grandfather and grandchild. After the boy's first wants were gratified the squire addressed himself to Molly.

"Well! and so you can come here a-visiting though you have been among the grand folks. I thought you were going to cut us, Miss Molly, when I heard you was gone to the Towers—could not find any other place to stay at while father and mother were away, but an earl's, eh?"

"They asked me, and I went," said Molly; "now you've asked me, and I've come here."

"I think you might ha' known you'd be always welcome here, without waiting for asking. Why, Molly, when I heard you was a kind of a daughter more than Madam there!" dropping his voice a little, and perhaps supposing that the child's babble would drown the signification of his words.

"Nay, you need not look at me so pitifully—she does not follow English readily."

"I think she does!" said Molly, in a low voice, not looking up, however, for fear of catching another glimpse at Aimée's sudden forlornness of expression and deepened colour. She felt grateful, as if for a personal favour, when she heard Roger speaking to Aimée the moment afterwards in the tender terms of brotherly friendliness; and presently these two were sufficiently engaged in a tête-à-tête conversation to allow Molly and the squire to go on talking.

"He's a sturdy chap, is not he?" said the squire, stroking the little Roger's curly head. "And he can puff four puffs at grandpapa's pipe without being sick, can't he?"

"I s'ant puff any more puffs," said the boy resolutely. "Mamma says no. I s'ant."

"That's just like her!" said the squire, dropping his voice this time, however. "As if it could do the child any harm!"

Molly made a point of turning the conversation from all personal subjects after this, and kept the squire talking about the progress of his drainage during the rest of lunch. He offered to take her to see it; and she acceded to the proposal, thinking, meantime, how little she need have anticipated the being thrown too intimately with Roger, who seemed to devote himself to his sister-in-law. But, in the evening, when Aimée had gone upstairs to put her boy to bed, and the squire was asleep in his easy chair, a sudden flush of memory brought



Mrs. Goodenough's words again to her mind. She was virtually tête-à-tête with Roger, as she had been dozens of times before, but now she could not help assuming an air of constraint: her eyes did not meet his in the old frank way; she took up a book at a pause in the conversation, and left him puzzled and annoyed at the change in her manner. And so it went on during all the time of her visit. If sometimes she forgot and let herself go into all her old naturalness, by-and-by she checked herself, and became comparatively cold and reserved. Roger was pained at all this — more pained day after day; more anxious to discover the cause. Aimée, too, silently noticed how different Molly became in Roger's presence. One day she could not help saying to Molly, —

"Don't you like Roger? You would if you only knew how good he was! He is learned, but that is nothing: it is his goodness that one admires and loves."

"He is very good," said Molly. "I have known him long enough to know that."

"But you don't think him agreeable? He is not like my poor husband, to be sure; and you knew him well, too. Ah! tell me about him once again. When you first knew him? When his mother was alive?"

Molly had grown very fond of Aimée: when the latter was at her ease she had very charming and attaching ways; but feeling uneasy in her position in the squire's house, she was almost repellent to him; and he, too, put on his worst side to her. Roger was most anxious to bring them together, and had several consultations with Molly as to the best means of accomplishing this end. As long as they talked upon this subject she spoke to him in the quiet sensible manner which she inherited from her father; but when their discussions on this point were ended, she fell back into her piquant assumption of dignified reserve. It was very difficult to her to maintain this strange manner, especially when once or twice she fancied that it gave him pain; and she would go into her own room and suddenly burst into tears on these occasions, and wish that her visit was ended, and that she was once again in the eventless tranquillity of her own home. Yet presently her fancy changed, and she clung to the swiftly passing hours, as if she would still retain the happiness of each. For, unknown to her, Roger was exerting himself to make her visit pleasant. He was not willing to appear as the instigator of all the little plans for each day, for he felt as if somehow he did not hold the same place in her regard

as formerly. Still, one day Aimée suggested a nutting expedition — another day they gave little Roger the unheard-of pleasure of tea out-of-doors — there was something else agreeable for a third; and it was Roger who arranged all these simple pleasures — such as he knew Molly would enjoy. But to her he only appeared as the ready forwarder of Aimée's devices. The week was nearly gone, when one morning the squire found Roger sitting in the old library — with a book before him, it is true, but so deep in thought that he was evidently startled by his father's unexpected entrance.

"I thought I should find thee here, my lad! We'll have the old room done up again before winter; it smells musty enough, and yet I see it's the place for thee! I want thee to go with me round the five-acre. I'm thinking of laying it down in grass. It's time for you to be getting into the fresh air, you look quite woe-begone over books, books, books; there never was a thing like 'em for stealing a man's health out of him!"

So Roger went out with his father, without saying many words till they were at some distance from the house. Then he brought out a sentence with such abruptness that he repaid his father for the start the latter had given him a quarter of an hour before.

"Father, you remember I'm going out again to the Cape next month! You spoke of doing up the library. If it is for me, I shall be away all the winter."

"Can't you get off it?" pleaded his father. "I thought maybe you'd forgotten all about it."

"Not likely!" said Roger, half-smiling.

"Well, but they might have found another man to finish up your work."

"No one can finish it but myself. Besides, an engagement is an engagement. When I wrote to Lord Hollingford to tell him I must come home, I promised to go out again for another six months."

"Ay. I know. And perhaps it will put it out of my mind. It will always be hard on me to part from thee. But I daresay it's best for you."

Roger's colour deepened. "You are alluding to — to Miss Kirkpatrick — Mrs. Henderson I mean. Father, let me tell you once for all I think that was rather a hasty affair. I am pretty sure now that we were not suited to each other. I was wretched when I got her letter — at the Cape I mean — but I believe it was for the best."

"That's right. That's my own boy," said the squire, turning round and shaking hands with his son with vehemence. "And now

"I'll tell you what I heard the other day, when I was at the magistrates' meeting. They were all saying she had jilted Preston."

"I don't want to hear anything against her: she may have her faults, but I can never forget how I once loved her."

"Well, well! Perhaps it's right. I was not so bad about it, was I, Roger? Poor Osborne need not have been so secret with me. I asked your Miss Cynthia out here — and her mother and all — my bark is worse than my bite. For if I had a wish on earth it was to see Osborne married as befitted one of an old stock, and he went and chose out this French girl, of no family at all, only a" —

"Never mind what she was; look at what she is! I wonder you are not more taken with her humility and sweetness, father!"

"I don't even call her pretty," said the squire, uneasily, for he dreaded a repetition of the arguments which Roger had often used to make him give Aimée her proper due of affection and position. "Now your Miss Cynthia was pretty, I will say that for her, the baggage! and to think that when you two lads flew right in your father's face, and picked out girls below you in rank and family, you should neither of you have set your fancies on my little Molly there. I daresay I should ha' been angry enough at the time, but the lassie would ha' found her way to my heart, as never this French lady, nor t'other one, could ha' done."

Roger did not answer.

"I don't see why you might not put up for her still. I'm humble enough now, and you're not heir as Osborne was who married a servant-maid. Don't you think you could turn your thoughts to Molly Gibson, Roger."

"No!" said Roger, shortly. "It's too late — too late. Don't let us talk any more of my marrying. Is not this the five-acre field?" And soon he was discussing the relative values of meadow, arable and pasture land with his father, as heartily as if he had never known Molly, or loved Cynthia. But the squire was not in such good spirits, and went but heavily into the discussion. At the end of it he said *à propos de bottes*,

"But don't you think you could like her if you tried, Roger?"

Roger knew perfectly well to what his father was alluding, but for an instant he was on the point of pretending to misunderstand. At length, however, he said, in a low voice,

"I shall never try, father. Don't let us

talk any more about it. As I said before, it is too late."

The squire was like a child to whom some toy has been refused; from time to time the thought of his disappointment in this matter recurred to his mind; and then he took to blaming Cynthia as the primary cause of Roger's present indifference to womankind.

It so happened that on Molly's last morning at the Hall, she received her first letter from Cynthia — Mrs. Henderson. It was just before breakfast-time: Roger was out of doors, Aimée had not as yet come down; Molly was alone in the dining-room, where the table was already laid. She had just finished reading her letter when the squire came in, and she immediately and joyfully told him what the morning had brought to her. But when she saw the squire's face she could have bitten her tongue out for having named Cynthia's name to him. He looked vexed and depressed.

"I wish I might never hear of her again. I do. She's been the bane of my Roger, that's what she has. I have not slept half the night, and it's all her fault. Why, there's my boy saying now that he has no heart for ever marrying, poor lad! I wish it had been you, Molly, my lads had taken a fancy for. I told Roger so t'other day, and I said that for all you were beneath what I ever thought to see them marry, — well — it's of no use — it's too late, now, as he said. Only never let me hear that baggage's name again, that's all. And no offence to you, either, lassie. I know you love the wench; but if you'll take an old man's word, you're worth a score of her. I wish young men would think so too," he muttered as he went to the side-table to carve the ham, while Molly poured out the tea — her heart very hot all the time, and effectually silenced for a space. It was with the greatest difficulty that she could keep tears of mortification from falling. She felt altogether in a wrong position in that house, which had been like a home to her until this last visit. What with Mrs. Goodenough's remarks, and now this speech of the squire's, implying — at least to her susceptible imagination — that his father had proposed her as a wife to Roger, and that she had been rejected, she was more glad than she could express, or even think, that she was going home this very morning. Roger came in from his walk while she was in this state of feeling. He saw in an instant that something had distressed Molly; and he longed to have the old friendly right of asking her what it was. But she had effectually kept him at too great a distance during the last few days for

him to feel at liberty to speak to her in the old straightforward brotherly way; especially now, when he perceived her efforts to conceal her feelings, and the way in which she drank her tea in feverish haste, and accepted bread only to crumble it about her plate, untouched. It was all that he could do to make talk under these circumstances; but he backed up her efforts as well as he could until Aimée came down, grave and anxious; her boy had not had a good night, and did not seem well; he had fallen into a feverish sleep now, or she could not have left him. Immediately the whole table was in a ferment. The squire pushed away his plate, and could eat no more; Roger was trying to extract a detail or a fact out of Aimée, who began to give way to tears. Molly quickly proposed that the carriage, which had been ordered to take her home at eleven, should come round immediately — she had everything ready packed up, she said, — and bring back her father at once. By leaving directly, she said it was probable they might catch him after he had returned from his morning visits in the town, and before he had set off on his more distant round. Her proposal was agreed to, and she went upstairs to put on her things. She came down all ready into the drawing-room, expecting to find Aimée and the squire there; but during her absence word had been brought to the anxious mother and grandfather that the child had wakened up in a panic, and both had rushed up to their darling. But Roger was in the drawing-room awaiting Molly, with a large bunch of the choicest flowers.

"Look, Molly!" said he, as she was on the point of leaving the room again, on finding him there alone. "I gathered these flowers for you before breakfast." He came to meet her reluctant advance.

"Thank you!" said she. "You are very kind. I am very much obliged to you."

"Then you must do something for me," said he, determined not to notice the restraint of her manner, and making the re-arrangement of the flowers which she held a sort of link between them, so that she could not follow her impulse, and leave the room.

"Tell me, — honestly as I know you will if you speak at all, — have not I done something to vex you since we were so happy at the Towers together?"

His voice was so kind and true, — his manner so winning yet wistful, that Molly

would have been thankful to tell him all; she believed that he could have helped her more than any one to understand how she ought to behave rightly; he would have disentangled her fancies, — if only he himself had not lain at the very core and centre of all her perplexity and dismay. How could she tell him of Mrs. Goodenough's words troubling her maiden modesty? How could she ever repeat what his father had said that morning, and assure him that she, no more than he, wished that their old friendliness should be troubled by the thought of a nearer relationship?

"No, you never vexed me in my whole life, Roger," said she, looking straight at him for the first time for many days.

"I believe you, because you say so. I have no right to ask further, Molly. Will you give me back one of those flowers, as a pledge of what you have said?"

"Take whichever you like," said she, eagerly offering him the whole nosegay to choose from.

"No; you must choose, and you must give it me."

Just then the squire came in. Roger would have been glad if Molly had not gone on so eagerly to ransack the bunch for the choicest flower in his father's presence; but she exclaimed:

"Oh, please, Mr. Hamley, do you know which is Roger's favourite flower?"

"No. A rose, I daresay. The carriage is at the door, and, Molly my dear, I don't want to hurry you, but" —

"I know. Here, Roger, — here is a rose!

("And red as a rose was she.")

I will find papa as soon as ever I get home. How is the little boy?"

"I'm afraid he's beginning of some kind of a fever."

And the squire took her to the carriage, talking all the way of the little boy; Roger following, and hardly heeding what he was doing in the answer to the question he kept asking himself: "Too late — or not? Can she ever forget that my first foolish love was given to one so different?"

While she, as the carriage rolled away, kept saying to herself, — "We are friends again. I don't believe he will remember what the dear squire took it into his head to suggest for many days. It is so pleasant to be on the old terms again; and what lovely flowers!"

From the Month.

## HENRY TAYLOR.

THE present century has been a great age of English poetry — greater unquestionably than any which preceded it, except the Elizabethan. But there is one great difference between the Elizabethan poetry and that of the nineteenth century. Our poets of the sixteenth century in the main bore to each other a considerable resemblance, — not in detail, but in spirit. The English poetry of the nineteenth century, on the other hand, has unconsciously divided itself into different schools, as remote from each other as were those of Italian painting. In Wordsworth and Coleridge we have the school of philosophic thought, united with a mystical reverence for nature. In Shelley, Keats, and Landor we find the classical or Hellenic school, with its sharpness of outline, its love of definite and finite beauty, its appreciation of nature rather through the sensations than the intellect, and its habit of interpreting nature through sensuous types and mythological fancies. In Leigh Hunt and Thomas Hood English poetry wears an Italian grace and gayety of aspect; while in the *Pleasures of Memory* and the *Pleasures of Hope* we have the last echoes of the French, or pseudo-classical school, transmitted from Goldsmith and Pope. In Crabbe we find the school of dry and hard reality, the dusty idyl of Common English life, — externally, prosaic enough, yet with poetry at its centre, like the spark latent in the flint. The romantic and chivalrous tales of Scott were a revival of the old English ballad-poetry, with a larger development but a less fine handling and a less vivid inspiration. In Byron and Moore we have the poetry of passion, or, more correctly speaking, of emotional excitement; combined in the former instance with great energy of an imagination rather rhetorical than comprehensive or penetrating, and in the latter with great brilliancy and affluence of fancy, but with little refinement.

In our own day there have risen among us several new poets, the most celebrated of whom are unquestionably Mr. Tennyson and Mr. Henry Taylor. The poetry of the latter has now been presented to us in what is called a "complete edition;"\* and though we trust that it is not yet literally complete, enough of it is now before us to allow of a comparison between his several

works, and a more comprehensive estimate of them than we could have made when each of them successively appeared. We have not space to notice them all, and shall here confine ourselves to the principal one, *Philip van Artevelde*.

One of the most remarkable circumstances connected with Mr. Taylor's poetry is the small degree in which it can be classed with the schools above named. Like the first that we have referred to, it is thoughtful in an unusual degree; but its thoughtfulness is never abstract or metaphysical, still less mystical. In moral gravity it has some affinity with Southey's poetry; in scholarly and periodic construction of sentences, with Shelley's; in precision of form and compactness of diction, with Landor's. But in the case of these poets the resemblance to Mr. Taylor is far less than the dissimilitude; while with most of the other poets we have named he stands in striking contrast. There exists, it is true, one characteristic in common between the authors of *Childe Harold* and of *Philip van Artevelde*: in each case there is a strongly-marked ideal of human character, with which the author is plainly in sympathy, and with which he has a singular power of making us sympathize. The two ideals have also, with all their antagonism, thus much in common, — that they both eminently belong to the sphere of the natural man, and have few relations with the spiritual. But in all else they are absolutely opposed to each other. Lord Byron's ideal is that of a man mastered by his passions, or impelled mainly by his wrongs; one whose strength, like that of a projectile, is not a strength inherent in him, but one to which he is subjected. The ideal exhibited in *Philip van Artevelde*, while equally of this world, is a nobler conception. It is that of one whose passions are under the control of the intellect and moral will, however little these last are themselves ruled by a supernatural principle. But here the analogy ends. Lord Byron constantly delineates the same ideal in his various works; a proof that, despite the great ability of his dramas, his genius was not dramatic. Mr. Taylor's ideal may be found adumbrated in *Isaac Comnenus*, his earliest drama, while it is completely delineated in *Philip van Artevelde*; but in the latter work, and still more in his two later dramas, characters cast in the most different moulds are illustrated with no less vigour. His union of vigour with classic grace is his chief characteristic.

Mr. Taylor's poetry is preëminently that

\* *The Poetical Works of Henry Taylor*. 3 vols. Chapman & Hall, 1864.



of action, as Lord Byron's is that of passion; or rather it includes action as well as passion, thus corresponding with Milton's definition of tragic poetry as "high actions and high passions best describing." It is this peculiarity which has made him succeed in a species of poetry which most of our modern poets have attempted, but almost all unsuccessfully.

Wordsworth wrote a drama in his youth which he published in his old age: Coleridge wrote two; but though they bear the impress of genius, we feel in reading them that the author was not in natural sympathy with action, and that it was to him a dramatic necessity, not a thing to be valued for its own sake. He could analyze what lay still, not exhibit the fleeting. His characters are metaphysical conceptions, worked out with a conscious exercise of the philosophic faculty, not with that spontaneous energy and instinctive felicity which belongs to the genius essentially dramatic.

We should have felt certain that Sir Walter Scott could have excelled in the drama had he not made the attempt and failed. He could both conceive character and compose a story; but he lacked apparently the fiery intensity of the drama, and though a true poet, he is dramatic chiefly in his novels, while in his poems he is contented with being picturesque. Mr. Landor has written several dramas and numerous dramatic scenes. They abound in passages of high thought and refined sentiment; and they are characterized, now by the imperious eloquence, now by the antique majesty of that great writer. Yet they are not dramatic; the plot halts, as if the author had not thought it worth his pains to elaborate it; the fact being that where a genuine sympathy with dramatic action exists, the instinct of art forces the dramatist to take pains with the plot,—which a celebrated author once confessed that "he always left a good deal to Providence." Mr. Landor's characters are also for the most part imperfectly conceived, though in the more impassioned scenes parts of them are brought out with a salient projection. It is in his *Imaginary Conversations*, where he has to do with dialogue but not with action, that his dramatic power achieves its highest triumphs. No matter what country or what age he deals with, he is always at home in this region of art, which he has conquered for his own. He dramatizes not only individuals but epochs, nations, and states of society. In such dialogues as that between Roger Ascham and Jane Grey, or that be-

tween Bacon and Hooker, we have the England of the sixteenth century; in his "Lucullus and Cæsar" we have old Rome; in his "Epicurus, Termissa, and Leontium" we have more of Greece than we can gain from all other classical revivals put together. In his "Pentameron" we have Italy at the restoration of literature. The dramatic rises to the full strength of the tragic in his "Tiberius and Vipsania;"—yet on the whole he failed as a dramatic poet. What he lacked was genuine sympathy with action.

As an exception to the undramatic character of modern English genius, the *Cenci* of Mr. Shelley may be named. An extraordinary vigour and skill are shown in the treatment of a subject so revolting as to be unfit for our times, despite the precedents, which are but partially such, of Pagan Greece. Mr. Shelley in this work remarkably exhibits the faculty of self-control that belongs to genius. On all other occasions his imagination not merely dealt largely with metaphor and image, but lived in a world of such. He never saw anything as it was, because he always saw what it was like; nay, he piles image upon image, and the object he describes is sometimes reflected from so many different mirrors that the dazzled reader walks in a sphere where it is hard to distinguish between substance and semblance. It was only by putting an absolute restraint upon himself that he could even hope to write a drama; and in the whole of the *Cenci* there is but one passage that can be called figurative. The imagination self-subjected to this restraint became strengthened for severer toils than usual, and moulded the work into a fair shape, though hewn out of a dark material. But he did not succeed in similar attempts at a later time. One who had the best means of forming a correct judgment, Leigh Hunt, believed that had Shelley lived he would have made himself chiefly known as a tragic poet; but, as a matter of fact, he wrote his *Witch of Atlas* in three days, while the labour of weeks got him through but a few scenes of his projected drama on Charles I.

Much of poetic and dramatic power has been shown by other recent writers besides those whom we have referred to; but the result has seldom corresponded with the ability spent on them. Dean Milman, Leigh Hunt, Barry Cornwall, Charles Lamb, George Darley, Shiel, and others have written dramas; but it is chiefly in connection with other tasks that they are remembered; while the plays which have



been most successful on the stage — those of Sir Bulwer Lytton and Sheridan Knowles — have not been those of the highest literary merits. The undramatic character of modern poetic genius is evinced by the fact that while so many plays have been written, so few finely-conceived and adequately-illustrated original characters have been added to the stores of the British drama. One of these few is to be found in the *Mary Tudor* of the late Sir Aubrey de Vere, where the sad English queen — certainly one of the most dramatic characters presented to us by history — is delineated in her virtues and her errors, her wrongs and her woes, her aspirations and infirmities, with a strong clear hand and a fearless impartiality.

Mr. Taylor has now published six dramas: *Isaac Comnenus*, *Philip van Artevelde* (in two parts), *Edwin the Fair*, *A Sicilian Summer*, and *St. Clement's Eve*. The earliest of these, though at first less successful than the works that succeeded it, gave no doubtful promise of a brilliant dramatic career. The earlier works of men of genius, however inferior to their later, have generally contained the germ of the excellence developed by labour and time; and in this instance both the style of the work and the character of the hero were an anticipation of that maturer drama which at once established the poet's reputation. It is not a little remarkable that a public which had so long been accustomed to the vehement stimulants of Lord Byron, and the bright but superficial imagery of Moore, should have responded to so sudden a summons. Had the challenge been a less bold one, it would probably have been less successful. In the preface to *Philip van Artevelde* Mr. Taylor proclaimed open war against the poetic taste of his time. The poets in whom the age had chiefly delighted were characterized, he affirmed, "by force and beauty of language, and by a versification particularly easy and adroit, and abounding in that sort of melody which, by its very obvious cadences, makes itself most pleasing to an unpractised ear. They exhibited, therefore, many of the most attractive graces and charms of poetry, — its vital warmth, not less than its external embellishments; and had not the admiration which they excited tended to produce an indifference to higher, graver, and more various endowments, no one would have said that it was, in any evil sense, excessive. But from this unbounded indulgence in the mere luxuries of poetry has there not en-

sued a want of adequate appreciation for its intellectual and immortal part? I confess that such seems to me to have been both the natural and the actual result, and I can hardly believe the public taste to have been in a healthy state whilst the most approved poetry of past times was almost unread. We may now perhaps be turning back to it; but it was not, as far as I can judge, till more than a quarter of a century had expired that any signs of reaction could be discerned. Till then the elder luminaries of our poetical literature were obscured or little regarded, and we sat with dazzled eyes at a high festival of poetry, where, as at the funeral of Arvalan, the torchlight put out the starlight. . . .

"They (the popular modern poets) wanted, in the first place, subject-matter. A feeling came more easily to them than a reflection, and an image was always at hand when a thought was not forthcoming. . . . The realities of nature, and the truths which they suggest, would have seemed cold and incongruous if suffered to mix with the strains of impassioned sentiment and glowing imagery in which they poured themselves forth. . . . Writers, however, whose appeal is made so exclusively to the excitabilities of mankind will not find it possible to work upon them continuously without a diminishing effect. Poetry of which sense is not the basis, though it may be excellent of its kind, will not long be reputed to be poetry of the highest order."

The new aspirant was fortunate in his theme. It was taken from a period of history when the life of the Middle Ages was passing into that of modern political society, and when those picturesque pomps of chivalry with which Sir Walter Scott had made men familiar were beginning to yield before the first blasts of a storm by which the ecclesiastical as well as the political institutions of Europe were visited before long. In the fourteenth century the Flemish cities, though subject to the Earl of Flanders, enjoyed an almost republican independence with respect to their internal affairs. If offended by one of the earl's bailiffs, they rose in arms under their associated "guilds" or crafts; and could they have permanently united, it would have been nearly impossible to have reduced them again to obedience. But the interest of one city was not that of another; and in Ghent itself, as well as the towns that sided with it — such as Damme, Ypres, Courtray, Grammont, &c. — there were generally two parties, that of the rich, whose trade re-

quired peace, and that of the poor, who regarded war as their trade. It was apparently its nearness to actual life, not the chivalrous pageantry mixed up with it, that recommended this theme to a dramatist of robust and practical genius. The war was one which "in its progress extended to the whole of Flanders, and excited a degree of interest in all the civilized countries of Europe, for which the cause must be sought in the state of European communities at the time. It was believed that entire success on the part of Ghent would bring on a general rising almost throughout Christendom of the commonalty against the feudal lords and men of substance. The incorporation of the citizens of Paris, known by the name of 'the Army with Mallets,' was, according to the well-known chronicler of the period, 'all by the example of them of Ghent.' Nicholas le Flamand deterred them from pulling down the Louvre by urging the expediency of waiting to see what success might attend the Flemish insurgents. At Rheims, Chalons-on-the-Marne, at Orleans, Beauvoisin, the like designs were entertained. 'The rebellion of the Jacquerie,' says Froissart, 'was never so terrible as this was likely to have been.' Brabant, Burgundy, and the lower part of Germany were in a dangerous condition; and in England Wat Tyler's rebellion was contemporaneous, and not unconnected with what was going on in Flanders." (Preface.) It was the first great upheaval of the popular element in modern society. At the end of the last century the "fountains of the great deep were broken open," and the institutions which had survived many a lesser shock went down beneath the great deluge. In our own day the storm continues to rage throughout no small part of the world; nor is it likely to cease in those of our sons; but the first murmurs of the tempest went forth from among the wealthy burghers of Flanders in the fourteenth century.

The leader of the insurgent party had been Jacques van Artevelde, who was murdered in a popular tumult. Things had long gone ill: the men who had successively headed the revolt had pushed themselves into eminence by courage and military skill, but had subsequently failed from want of personal ascendancy and statesman-like ability. With their failure the play begins. Philip van Artevelde has lived the life of a retired student; but Van den Bosch, a rough hard-headed chief of the insurgents, has shrewdness enough to know that the powers

of grave reflection in which he is himself deficient are as needful for the permanent success of a leader as energy and fearlessness. He offers Philip the supreme command in the people's name, and the recluse becomes the man of action. He desires to avenge his father's death; he desires to rescue his country from tyrants whose incompetency he scorns as much as he hates their brutality; but most of all he yields to that instinct which makes ability and daring seek a sphere large enough for them. The character of Philip constitutes the principal interest of the drama. Habitually thoughtful he is, yet never abstract; and the metaphysical speculations to which he refers at a late period of his career as having once passed across his mind were evidently but those guests of youth which abide only with the few who have a special vocation for such inquiries. Life and man had been the subject of his meditations; and living from his childhood amid the whirl of intense action, when the time came to take a part, action was as easy to him as thought unaccompanied by action to Hamlet. He is not embarrassed by scruples. He never shrinks from what is needful because it involves suffering and danger, whether to others or to himself. He is not selfish, or, at the earlier part of his career, strongly ambitious; but neither is he generous nor self-sacrificing. He is grave-hearted. His aspirations are not after an ideal excellence, but to carry out a fixed purpose is the law of his being. He knows himself and the place that belongs to him; he has calculated his powers and ascertained their limits, and by a deliberate act resolved that he will try the venture and abide the consequence. He has had no temptation to conceal from himself any of the difficulties in his way, for his is that calm courage that sees things as they are. He has small patriotic enthusiasm, and aspires after no golden age. He looks on human society as a stormy sea of passions, that need to be ruled; but he desires that they should be ruled by a manly at least, if not a disinterested, intelligence, — not by caprice in high place or by appetites more brutal than those restrained. Sagacious in intellect and fixed in purpose, his native dignity of character retains for him that ascendancy over his fellow-men which his daring and stern justice had early acquired. Without either breadth of sympathy or subtle refinement of thought, he carries everything before him by his strength, consistency, and efficiency. To trace the changes made in such a character,

first by a successful career and then by adverse fortune, was a great dramatic problem.

We cannot better illustrate either the character of Philip or that of the stormy times amid which his lot is cast than by the following extracts from a scene in which he discusses the events of the day with Father John of Heda, his counsellor and friend, and formerly his preceptor:

*"Artevelde. I never look'd that he should live so long.*

He was a man of that unsleeping spirit,  
He seem'd to live by miracle: his food  
Was glory, which was poison to his mind  
And peril to his body. He was one  
Of many thousand such that die betimes,  
Whose story is a fragment, known to few.  
Then comes the man who has the luck to live,  
And he's a prodigy. Compute the chances,  
And deem there's ne'er a one in dangerous times  
Who wins the race of glory, but than he  
A thousand men more gloriously endow'd  
Have fallen upon the course; a thousand others  
Have had their fortunes founder'd by a chance,  
Whilst lighter barks push'd past them; to  
whom add

A smaller tally, of the singular few  
Who, gifted with-predominating powers,  
B yet a temperate will and keep the peace.  
The world knows nothing of its greatest men.

*Father John. Had Launoy lived, he might have pass'd for great,*

But not by conquests in the Franc of Bruges.  
The sphere, the scale of circumstances, is all  
Which makes the wonder of the many. Still  
An ardent soul was Launoy's, and his deeds  
Were such as dazzled many a Flemish dune.  
'There'll some bright eyes in Ghent be dimm'd  
for him.

*Artevelde. They will be dim and then be bright again.*

All is in busy, stirring, stormy motion,  
And many a cloud drifts by and none sojourns.  
Lightly is life laid down amongst us now,  
And lightly is death mourn'd: a dusk star  
blinks

As fleets the rack, but look again, and lo!  
In a wide solitude of wintry sky  
Twinkles the re-illuminated star,  
And all is out of sight that smirch'd the ray.  
We have not time to mourn.

*Father John. The worse for us!*

He that lacks time to mourn lacks time to mend.  
Eternity mourns that. 'Tis an ill cure  
For life's worst ills to have no time to feel them.  
Where sorrow's held obtrusive and turn'd out,  
There wisdom will not enter, nor true power,  
Nor aught that dignifies humanity.  
Yet such the barrenness of busy life!  
From shelf to shelf Ambition clambers up  
To reach the naked'st pinnacle of all,  
Whilst Magnanimity, absolved from toil,

Reposes self-included at the base.  
But this thou know'st." \*

Philip has won, almost without seeking them, the affections of a beautiful but unprotected young Flemish heiress, the friend of his sister, Clara van Artevelde. In an interview, in which the confiding grace, ingenuousness, and devotedness of the Lady Adriana are more striking than any chivalrous ardour on her lover's part, he gains the promise of her hand. She has had a less fortunate admirer in the Lord of Oeco; and the rejected suitor is stimulated by jealousy, as well as by his political interests, to conspire against his rival. The Earl of Flanders has sent two emissaries, Sir Guisebert Grutt and Sir Simon Bette, to traffic with traitors in the Flemish camp. To divide his enemies, he has also offered an amnesty, on condition that three hundred citizens are delivered up to his justice. A meeting is convened at the Stadt-house; and the Lord of Oeco promises to attend it, having first resolved on the assassination of Philip. Fearing, however, that his conspiracy has been discovered, he stays away at the critical moment. For a time the two emissaries are successful with the people; but the moment it becomes Artevelde's turn to speak, their intrigue begins to unravel. His harangue carries the people with him as a storm carries dead leaves. He reminds them of their past achievements, and of the remorseless cruelties practised on them by the earl. He demands who can tell that his own name is not included among the three hundred to be delivered up to torments and death; and at the moment that he finds himself the master of his audience he turns on the delegates, denounces them as traitors, and stabs Grutt to the heart, while Van den Bosch slays Bette.

The scabbard thrown away, the war-party is at once in the ascendant; and the wealthy burghers are taught that their young chief has left his books, and become such a man of action as may not be trifled with. The Lord of Oeco makes his escape, and succeeds also in carrying off Adriana, of whose broad lands he proposes to become the master by a forced marriage with the heiress. The scene changes to a banqueting-hall at Bruges, where the Earl of Flanders is magnificently entertained by the mayor and citizens. There is a song on the approaching fall of Ghent, —

"Flat stones and awry, grass, potsherd, and shard,  
Thy place shall be like an old churchyard!" —

which animates the earl so vehemently that he accuses himself of having sinned against true chivalry in demanding the heads of but three hundred burghers. In the midst of the revel Occo arrives, and boasting is changed into shame. The earl at first cannot believe that he has any thing to fear from such a man as Philip.

"God help them!

A man that as much knowledge has of war  
As I of brewing mead! God help their souls!  
A bookish nursling of the monks — a meacock!

*D'Arlon.* My lord, I'm fearful you mistake the man.

If my accounts be true, the life he's led  
Served rather in its transit to eclipse  
Than to show forth his nature; and that pass'd,  
You'll now behold him as he really is,  
One of a cold and of a constant mind,  
Not quicken'd into ardent action soon  
Nor prompt for petty enterprise; yet bold,  
Fierce when need is, and capable of all things."

*D'Arlon*, although a faithful adherent of his liege lord, the Earl of Flanders, has contracted not only an inviolable friendship with Artevelde, but also a love-troth with Clara. Fortunately for the Lady Adriana, it is in his house at Bruges that Occo and his captive are domiciled by the earl's command. She makes her complaint to the young knight, who at once defies Occo to deadly combat.

The following brief conversation between *D'Arlon* and *Gilbert* Matthew, one of the earl's counsellors, is a graphic sketch of that stormy time:

"*Gilbert.* No sooner had his highness reached the palace

Than he sends back for me.

*D'Arlon.* And me the same.

*Gilbert.* His highness is not happy.

*D'Arlon.* That is likely;

But have you any private cause to think it?

*Gilbert.* I have observed that when he is not happy

He sends for me.

*D'Arlon.* And do you mend his mood?

*Gilbert.* Nay, what I can. His highness at such times

Is wishful to be counsell'd to shed blood.

*D'Arlon.* 'Tis said that he is counsell'd oft to that.

*Gilbert.* It is my duty to advise his highness  
With neither fear nor favour. As I came,

The bodies of three citizens lay stretch'd  
Upon the causeway.

*D'Arlon.* How had they been kill'd?

*Gilbert.* By knocking on the head.

*D'Arlon.* And who had done it?

*Gilbert.* The officers that walk'd before the

Earl,

To make him room to pass. The streets were full,

And many of the mean-crafts roam'd about  
Discouraging of the news they heard from Ghent;  
And as his highness pass'd they misbehaved,  
And three were knock'd upon the head with staves.

I knew by that his highness was not happy.

I knew I should be sent for."\*

In such brief and interstitial scenes as the one we have quoted the hand of a true master of dramatic art is seen as much as in passages of the most high-wrought pathos. Genius, even when not essentially dramatic, will often in the most interesting portions of a play produce what is so profound in sentiment or eloquent in expression, that in our enjoyment of it as poetry we forget to ask whether it be dramatic or not. True dramatic genius includes, besides a philosophic insight into character, a certain careless felicity in dealing with externals. This fact is a thing which we always find among our dramatists in the reigns of Elizabeth and James the First, and which in our modern drama — the tradition having been broken — we almost always lack. The well may be deep and the water pure, but it is commonly without life. The soundest philosophic analysis will not serve as a substitute for a shrewd sharp observation, and that vividness of handling analogous to a hasty sketch by a great painter. This is the great defect of the German drama. Characters are sometimes nobly conceived, and a plot is laboriously devised capable of illustrating them; but the unconscious skill and imitative instinct which ought to mediate between the world of abstract conception and outward illustration is wanting. We miss the electric vitality of true art. The distinction is that between the drama taken from life and that drawn from books. England has long been the land of action, and Germany that of thought. In England, moreover, the drama grew up at a time when the passions expressed themselves freely, and when, as among children and races in an early stage of development, the impulses were stronger from having never known restraint or disguise. In Germany

\* Vol. i. p. 86.

the drama arose at a period of conventionalities and respectabilities as well as of theories. It was a philosophical imitation, not a living tradition; and with all its merits, it shares the defect of Germany's modern school of religious painters, in which the highest æsthetic science, directed by the noblest aims, cannot make up for the want of inspiration and of popular sympathy.

The revived English drama has had some of the same refrigerating influences to contend with. It is to Mr. Taylor's keen appreciation of the early English dramatists, evinced by his happy use of a language analogous to theirs, that he owes in no small degree his superiority. His style has been also not a little in his favour. The importance of style is wholly overlooked by those who regard it as but the outward garment of thought. It has more analogy to the skin than to the clothes. It fits closely, adapts itself to every movement, and is quickened by the instinct of life. There is in it a power even beyond its own intention. Style is doubtless in the main the result of a man's intellectual constitution, but it reacts largely on that which has produced it. A style like Mr. Taylor's, with its sharp precision and lightness combined with strength, is incompatible with the feeble, the languid, or the false in conception.

To proceed with our analysis of *Philip van Artevelde*. The Earl of Flanders is advised by Gilbert Matthew to starve Ghent into surrender; and he succeeds in cutting off all supplies from the place. Famine sets in, and pestilence follows. But the desperate situation suggests a desperate remedy. Artevelde proposes that five thousand of the bravest and strongest citizens should be supplied with what food still remains, and accompany him on a march to Bruges, the earl's capital. The small but resolute band arrive there a little before sunset. It is a festival; the inhabitants of Bruges have been making merry; and half of them rush out in a state of intoxication to encounter an enemy whom they despise. The setting sun shines in their faces; the archers of Ghent bewilder them with their arrows; the townspeople fall into an ambush; a total rout ensues. Artevelde enters Bruges with the flying troops, and the Earl with difficulty escapes. Gilbert Matthew and the Lord of Occo are taken prisoners, and immediately condemned to death; and the First Part ends with the words,

"Now, Adriana, I am wholly thine."

We must be brief in our sketch of the

Second Part. For a long period Artevelde has enjoyed unquestioned power; but the storm breaks on him at last. The counsellors of the youthful King of France, alarmed by the outbreak of popular revolt in many parts of Europe, resolve to deprive the movement-party of the encouragement it derives from the success of the revolt in Flanders. The boy-king rejoices in the opportunity of proving his chivalry and aiding his exiled cousin. Artevelde sends Father John of Heda to England, in hopes of winning the alliance of Richard II. For him there has been a change worse than any political event can bring. His wife is dead, and his hearth has long been desolate. A change has taken place in his own character likewise; and it is with a consummate art that the dramatist indicates the effect of time and success on such a character. He has grown more imperious and less scrupulous. Accustomed to see all men bow before him, his own will, guided mainly by considerations of public expediency, has been his main law of action. When warned by Father John that since his elevation he has not been unvisited by worldly pride and its attendant passions, he replies:

"Say they so?"

Well, if it be so, it is late to mend.  
For self amendment is a work of time,  
And business will not wait. Such as I am,  
For better or for worse, the world must take  
me,

For I must hasten on. Perhaps the state  
And royal splendour I affect is deem'd  
A proof of pride; yet they that these contemn  
Know little of the springs that move mankind.

If (which I own not)

I have drunk deeper of ambition's cup,  
Be it remember'd that the cup of love  
Was wrested from my hand. Enough of this.  
Ambition has its uses in the scheme  
Of Providence, whose instrument I am  
To work some changes in the world or die."\*

His thoughts are not as lofty nor his feelings as pure as they were, but he is as daring and as sagacious as ever. The King of France has sent a herald to require his immediate submission, the alternative being war. The French message is cast in the haughtiest language. Enthroned in his chair of state, and surrounded by his council, Artevelde flings back the defiance in a speech which, as an exponent of the revolutionary cause, has probably never been surpassed. There is in it nothing either of the daring speculation with which the cause

\* Vol. I. p. 177.



of revolt is advocated by Shelley or of the declamatory cynicism of Byron. It is a practical business speech, raging itself into a white heat, and still looking cold. In its domineering vindictiveness it is ever logical.

"*Artevelde*. Sir Herald, thou hast well discharged thyself

Of an ill function. Take these links of gold,  
And with the company of words I give thee,  
Back to the braggart king from whom thou cam'st.

First, of my father: had he lived to know  
His glories, deeds, and dignities postponed  
To names of barons, earls, and counts (that here

Are to men's ears importunately common  
As chimes to dwellers in the market-place),  
He with a silent and a bitter mirth  
Had listen'd to the boast; may he his son  
Pardon for in comparison setting forth  
With his the name of this disconsolate earl!  
How stand they in the title-deeds of fame?  
What hold and heritage in distant times  
Doth each enjoy — what posthumous possession?

The dusty chronicler with painful search,  
Long fingering forgotten scrolls, indites  
That Louis Mâle was sometime Earl of Flanders,

That Louis Mâle his sometime earldom lost,  
Through wrongs by him committed, that he lived

An outcast long in dole not undeserved,  
And died dependent: there the history ends;  
And who of them that hear it wastes a thought  
On the unfriended fate of Louis Mâle?  
But turn the page and look we for the tale  
Of *Artevelde's* renown. What man was this?  
He humbly born, he highly gifted, rose  
By steps of various enterprise, by skill  
By native vigour, to wide sway, and took  
What his vain rival having could not keep.  
His glory shall not cease, though cloth-of-gold  
Wrap him no more; for not of golden cloth,  
Nor fur, nor minever, his greatness came,  
Whose fortunes were inborn: strip me the two, —

This were the humblest, that the noblest, beggar

That ever braved a storm.

You speak of insurrections; bear in mind  
Against what rule my father and myself  
Have been insurgent: whom did we supplant?  
There was a time, so ancient records tell,  
There were communities, — scarce known by name

In these degenerate days, but once far-famed, —  
Where liberty and justice, hand in hand,  
Order'd the common weal; where great men grew

Up to their natural eminence, and none  
Saving the wise, just, eloquent, were great:  
Where power was of God's gift, to whom He gave

Supremacy of merit, the sole means

And broad highway to power, that ever then  
Was meritoriously administered,  
Whilst all its instruments from first to last,  
The tools of state for service high or low,  
Were chosen for their aptness to those ends  
Which virtue meditates. To shake the ground  
Deep-founded whereupon this structure stood  
Was verily a crime; a treason it was  
Conspiracies to hatch against this state  
And its free innocence. But now I ask  
Where is there on God's earth that polity  
Which it is not, by consequence converse,  
A treason against nature to uphold?  
Whom may we now call free? whom great?  
whom wise?

Whom innocent? — the free are only they  
Whom power makes free to execute all ills  
Their hearts imagine; they alone are great  
Whose passions nurse them from their cradles up

In luxury and lewdness — whom to see  
Is to despise, whose aspects put to scorn  
Their station's eminence; the wise, they only  
Who wait obscurely till the bolts of heaven  
Shall break upon the land, and give them light  
Whereby to walk; the innocent — alas!  
Poor innocency lies where four roads meet,  
A stone upon her head, a stake driven through her,

For who is innocent that cares to live?  
The hand of power doth press the very life  
Of innocency out! What then remains  
But in the cause of nature to stand forth,  
And turn this frame of things the right side up?

For this the hour is come, the sword is drawn,  
And tell your masters vainly they resist.  
Nature that slept beneath their poisonous drugs  
Is up and stirring; and from north and south,  
From east and west, from England and from France,

From Germany and Flanders and Navarre,  
Shall stand against them like a beast at bay.  
The blood that they have shed will hide no longer

In the blood-sloken soil, but cries to heaven.  
Their cruelties and wrongs against the poor  
Shall quicken into swarms of venomous snakes,

And hiss through all the earth, till o'er the earth,  
That ceases then from hissings and from groans,

Rises the song: How are the mighty fallen!  
And by the peasant's hand! Low lie the proud!

And smitten with the weapons of the poor —  
The blacksmith's hammer and the woodman's axe.

Their tale is told: and for that they were rich,  
And robb'd the poor; and for that they were strong,

And scourged the weak; and for that they made laws

Which turn'd the sweat of labour's brow to blood —

For these their sins the nations cast them out;

The dunghills are their deathbeds, and the  
stench

From their uncover'd carrion steaming wide  
Turns in the nostrils of enfranchised man  
To a sweet savour. These things come to  
pass

From small beginnings, because God is just."\*

The love-story of Part II. is wholly unlike that of Part I.: with it is closely connected the poetic justice of the play. The love is a guilty love, and conduces in a large degree both to the fall of Artevelde and to his death. Between the two parts of the play a lyrical interlude is interposed, entitled the "Lay of Elena." It is a modified specimen of that poetry abounding in romantic sentiment, imagery, and figure, which, in the body of his work, Mr. Taylor has discarded. It records the fortunes of a beautiful Italian, who, after being betrayed and deserted, has lived for some time with the Duke de Bourbon, one of the French king's uncles, the object of a silly and selfish but passionate love on his part, which she has but feebly returned. Mortified at finding that his devotion to his mistress has made him an object of ridicule, the duke has vented on her his spleen in many a caprice, and spoken of her in insulting terms. On the capture of a Flemish city, Elena has fallen into the hands of the Regent. He protects her, and places a safeguard at her disposal, in case she should wish to return to France. She is in no hurry to return. With all the energy of her wild and wilful nature, the imaginative and melancholy woman, who had looked on love but with self-reproach and despair, fixes her affections on the Regent, still with self-reproach, but no longer in despair. He can hardly be said to return such love as hers; but he has wearied of unhappiness, and to love, as a social need, he is still accessible. But for this disastrous tie peace was still possible. The Duke of Bourbon has despatched Sir Fleureant of Heurlée to the Regent's camp with a request that he would send back Elena, and an implied promise that in return the king shall be prevented, through his influence, from going to war in defence of the Earl of Flanders.

We shall now give an extract from a scene in which the Regent describes his lost wife and his own desolation. It is an illustration of Mr. Taylor's poetry in its more impassioned vein. There is about it a sad rich colouring as of a dusky day in autumn. The character of both the speakers is painted with a lavish hand, and the long

and melancholy cadences of the metre echo the sadness of a new love which has grown up among omens of woe, and has too much self-reproach about it to promise, almost to desire, happiness. The scene displeases while it charms, and it instructs us while it displeases. Thus to have spoken of his wife to her rival—a rival so unlike her in all save devotedness—is what Artevelde would have shrunk from (as we may imagine) in his youth. But his character is in decline; and neither love, nor the memory of love, wears for him any purer light than that of common day. He admires and he deprecates the grace and goodness lost; but the "beautiful regards" turned back on him from the land of shadows do not trouble his heart:

"Artevelde. She was a creature framed by  
love divine

For mortal love to muse a life away  
In pondering her perfections; so unmoved  
Amidst the world's contentions, if they touch'd  
No vital chord nor troubled what she loved,  
Philosophy might look her in the face,  
And like a hermit stooping to the well  
That yields him sweet refreshment, might  
therein  
See but his own serenity reflected  
With a more heavenly tenderness of hue!  
Yet whilst the world's ambitious empty cares,  
Its small disquietudes and insect-stings,  
Disturb'd her never, she was one made up  
Of feminine affections, and her life  
Was one full stream of love from fount to sea.  
These are but words.

Elena. My lord, they're full of meaning.

Artevelde. No, they mean nothing—that  
which they would speak

Sinks into silence; 'tis what none can know  
That knew not her—the silence of the grave—  
Whence could I call her radiant beauty back,  
It could not come more savouring of heaven  
Than it went hence—the tomb received her  
charms

In their perfection, with nor trace of time  
Nor stain of sin upon them; only death  
Had turn'd them pale. I would that you had  
seen her

Living or dead.

Elena. I wish I had, my lord;

I should have loved to look upon her much;  
For I can gaze on beauty all day long,  
And think the all-day long is but too short.

Artevelde. She was so fair that in the angel-  
ic choir

She will not need put on another shape  
Than that she bore on earth. Well, well,—  
she's gone,

And I have tamed my sorrow. Pain and grief  
Are transitory things no less than joy,  
And though they leave us not the men we  
were,

Yet they do leave us. You behold me here

A man bereaved, with something of a blight  
Upon the early blossoms of his life  
And its first verdure, having not the less  
A living root, and drawing from the earth  
Its vital juices, from the air its powers :  
And surely as man's health and strength are  
whole

His appetites regerminate, his heart  
Re-opens, and his objects and desires  
Shoot up renew'd. What blank I found be-  
fore me

From what is said you partly may surmise ;  
How I have hoped to fill it, may I tell ?

*Elena.* I fear, my lord, that cannot be.

*Artevelde.* Indeed !

Then am I doubly hopeless. What is gone.  
Nor plaints, nor prayers, nor yearnings of the  
soul,

Nor memory's tricks, nor fancy's invocations —  
Though tears went with them frequent as the  
rain

In dusk November, sighs more sadly breathed  
Than winter's o'er the vegetable dead —  
Can bring again ; and should this living hope,  
That like a violet from the other's grave  
Grew sweetly, in the tear-besprinkled soil  
Finding moist nourishment — this seedling  
sprung

Where recent grief had like a ploughshare  
pass'd

Through the soft soul, and loosen'd its affec-  
tions —

Should this new-blossom'd hope be coldly  
nipp'd,

Then were I desolate indeed ! . . .

*Elena.* I said I fear'd another could not fill  
The place of her you lost, being so fair  
And perfect as you give her out. . . .  
I cannot give you what you've had so long ;  
Nor need I tell you what you know so well.  
I must be gone."\*

The Regent, on her departure, falls into  
the following soliloquy ; to explain the lat-  
ter part of which, it is necessary to premise  
that the criminals sentenced are Flemings  
detected in carrying on, at the instigation  
of Sir Fleureant, a correspondence between  
some of the Flemish cities and France :

"*Artevelde.* [after a pause] The night is far  
advanced upon the morrow,

And but for that conglomerated mass  
Of cloud with ragged edges, like a mound,  
Of black pine-forest on a mountain's top,  
Wherein the light lies ambush'd, dawn were  
near —

Yes, I have wasted half a summer's night.  
Was it well spent ? Successfully it was.

Ho, Nieuwerkerchen ! — When we think upon  
it,

How little flattering is a woman's love !  
Given commonly to whosoe'er is nearest  
And propp'd with most advantage ; outward  
grace

\* Vol. i. pp. 207-9.

Nor inward light is needful ; day by day  
Men wanting both are mated with the best  
And loftiest of God's feminine creation,  
Whose love takes no distinction but of gender,  
And ridicules the very name of choice.

Ho, Nieuwerkerchen ! What then, do we sleep ?  
Are none of you awake ? — and as for me,  
The world says Philip is a famous man. —  
What is there women will not love, so  
taught ? —

Ho, Ellert ! by your leave, though, you must  
wake.

*Enter an Officer.*

Have me a gallows built upon the mount,  
And let Van Kortz be hung at break of day.  
No news of Bulten or Van Muck ?

*Officer.* My lord,  
Bulten is taken ; but Van Muck, we fear,  
Has got clean off.

*Artevelde.* Let Bulten too be hung."

This is certainly an extraordinary termina-  
tion for a love-scene ; yet it is not more  
daring and original than it is in character.  
It is not such love as Artevelde's that ex-  
pands the heart, nor such success that  
satisfies even self-love. From this time  
nothing prospers in the Flemish camp.  
Everything appears to fulfil the threat of  
Father John :

"After strange women them that went astray  
God never prosper'd in the olden time,  
Nor will He bless them now."

Van den Bosch, the ablest of Artevelde's  
lieutenants, is defeated, and receives a mortal  
wound. Many of the Flemish towns  
transfer their allegiance to their former  
lord ; and even the name of Artevelde no  
longer carries its old magic, — a rumour  
having gone abroad that sorcery has sub-  
jected him to the spells of a French spy.  
The English king sends no aid : no hope re-  
mains but in a successful battle. Gather-  
ing together all his forces, Artevelde  
marches to the eastern bank of the lower  
Lis, to meet the French army and prevent  
them from passing the river. At a very  
early hour in the morning he leaves his  
tent :

"*Artevelde.* The gibbous moon was in a  
wan decline,

And all was silent as a sick man's chamber.  
Mixing its small beginnings with the dregs  
Of the pale moonshine and a few faint stars,  
The cold uncomfortable daylight dawn'd ;  
And the white tents topping a low ground-fog  
Show'd like a fleet becalm'd. I wander'd far,  
Till reaching to the bridge I sate me down  
Upon the parapet. Much mused I there,  
Revolving many a passage of my life,

And the strange destiny that lifted me  
To be the leader of a mighty host,  
And terrible to kings."

There he has a vision of his dead wife.  
He thus describes it to Elena:

"She appear'd

In white, as when I saw her last, laid out  
After her death; suspended in the air  
She seem'd, and o'er her breast her arms were  
cross'd;

Her feet were drawn together, pointing down-  
wards,

And rigid was her form and motionless.  
From near her heart, as if the source were  
there,

A stain of blood went wavering to her feet.  
So she remain'd, inflexible as stone,  
And I as fixedly regarding her.

Then suddenly, and in a line oblique,  
Thy figure darted past her; whereupon,  
Though rigid still and straight, she downward  
moved;

And as she pierced the river with her feet,  
Descending steadily, the streak of blood  
Peel'd off upon the water, which, as she van-  
ish'd,

Appear'd all blood, and swell'd and welter'd  
sore;

And midmost in the eddy and the whirl  
My own face saw I, which was pale and calm  
As death could make it:—Then the vision  
pass'd,

And I perceived the river and the bridge,  
The mottled sky and horizontal moon,  
The distant camp, and all things as they  
were."\*

Before the battle begins Artevelde is informed that a foreign knight, with his visor closed, demands to see him. It is Sir Fleureant of Heurlée. On his former visit to the camp, when detected in a treasonable correspondence, he had been condemned to death; but his life had been spared at Elena's fatal intercession. He had broken his parole, escaped to the French camp, and there—half in despair and half in ambition—engaged himself to assassinate the Regent. While Artevelde is passing the bridge of the vision he is stabbed by the false knight. For a time he conceals his wound, and the battle rages with various fortune. His hosts are at last driven back in confusion; and Artevelde, making a desperate effort to rally them, is swept back towards the fatal bridge, and is suffocated in the crowd, the bridge giving way.

In the last scene Elena kneels on the bloody battle-field beside the body of Artevelde; while Van Ryk, an old Flemish captain, stands at the other side. He urges her to flight; but she refuses to depart with-

out the body. The Duke of Burgundy then appears, and Sir Fleureant approaches the group as the young king and his royal uncles gather around the body, and clumsily endeavours to vindicate the fair fame of Elena. She leaps to her feet, and snatching Artevelde's dagger, strikes it through the heart of his murderer. The guards rush in; and in the attempt to take her and Van Ryk prisoners, both are slain. The Duke of Bourbon gives orders that Elena shall receive Christian burial, but that the body of Artevelde shall be hung upon a tree, in the sight of the army. The Duke of Burgundy refuses to war with the dead:

"Burgundy.

Brother, no;

It were not for our honour, nor the king's,  
To use it so. Dire rebel though he was,  
Yet with a noble nature and great gifts  
Was he endow'd,—courage, discretion, wit;  
An equal temper, and an ample soul,  
Rock-bound and fortified against assaults  
Of transitory passion, but below  
Built on a surging subterranean fire,  
That stirr'd and lifted him to high attempts.  
So prompt and capable, and yet so calm,  
He nothing lack'd in sovereignty but the right,  
Nothing in soldiership except good fortune.  
Wherefore, with honour I lay him in his grave,  
And thereby shall increase of honour come  
Unto their arms who vanquish'd one so wise,  
So valiant, so renown'd. Sirs, pass we on,  
And let the bodies follow us on biers.  
Wolf of the weald and yellow-footed kite,  
Enough is spread for you of meaner prey;  
Other interment than your maws afford  
Is due to these. At Courtray we shall sleep,  
And there I'll see them buried side by side."\*

Thus ends this drama; which, for largeness of scope and skill in execution—for delineation of characters at once harmonized and contrasted—for intellectual vigour, gravity, variety, and energy,—has, as we believe, no equal since the Shakspearian age; and which, owing nothing to meretricious allurements, cannot fail to keep that place in the estimate of thoughtful readers which it early acquired. Our limited space has allowed us but to indicate a few of its more prominent characteristics. A play that revives the energy of the Elizabethan dramatists, while it avoids their coarseness, must ever occupy a historical position in English literature. It is the most vigorous of Mr. Taylor's works; though in his other plays, and in his minor poems, there are perhaps a larger number of those passages which illustrate the wisdom, the moral dignity, and the refinement that characterize Mr. Taylor's poetry not less than its vigour.

\* Vol. i. p. 269.

\* Vol. i. pp. 289-92.

From the Sunday Magazine.

# THE BROTHER'S TRUST.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "STUDIES FOR STORIES."

THERE was once, says an old legend, a young Italian noble, whose elder brother loved him much; he had moreover saved his life, and had reconciled him to his father when greatly offended with him.

As might have been expected, the youth returned this affection, and after the death of the father these brothers lived together, the younger obeying the elder, and behaving to him in all respects like a son.

Once, on a certain day, however, a long separation came between them, for the elder went out, as if upon his ordinary affairs, and never returned again to his house. His young brother was first surprised, then alarmed. He sought for him, proclaimed his loss; he scoured the country, caused the waters to be searched, and sought in all the recesses of that old Italian city; but it was of no avail; his brother was gone, and none could tell him whither.

No tidings were heard of him for more than six months, till one night as his young brother was knocking for admittance at his own door, a figure in a domino came up, and put a note into his hand, at the same time whispering his brother's name. It was during the time of the carnival, when it is so much the custom for people to wear disguises, that such things excite no surprise. Anselmo, for this was his name, would have seized the domino by the hand, but he quickly disappeared in the crowd; and full of wonder and anxiety the young man read the letter which he had left behind him:—

"Anselmo, I live, I am well! and I beseech thee, as thou lovest me, fail not to do for me what I shall require, which is, that thou wilt go every night down that lane which leads along the south wall of the P— Palace; ten paces from the last window but one thou shalt find a narrow slit in the wall; bring with thee a dark lantern, and into that slit do thou place it, turning the light side inward that thou be not discovered. Thou shalt be at the place every night at twelve, and thou shalt stay until the clock of St. Januarius striketh one. So do, and one night I will meet thee there. Thy loving brother prays thee not to fail."

That very night the young nobleman went out unattended, in the hopes of meeting with his brother. He carried a lantern, and proceeded to the unfrequented lane

pointed out in the letter. It was a desolate place, in a thinly populated quarter of the city. By the faint light of the moon he counted the windows, and found the slit in the wall, which was deep, and fenced on the riverside with an iron grating backed by a sheet of horn; into this slit he hastened to place his lantern, and then began to look about him, and consider why his brother should have chosen such a place for their meeting.

Not far off ran the river, and he did not doubt that by water his brother would come, for it was evident that he feared to show himself in the streets of the city. Anselmo started once or twice during his solitary watch, for he thought he distinguished the splash of an oar, and then an advancing footstep; but he was mistaken, his brother did not come to meet him that night, nor the next, nor the one after; and when he had come to await him every night for a fortnight, he began to get sick at heart.

And yet there was no way but this; he was to watch *till* his brother came. It was his only chance of seeing him; and he went on, without once failing, for eleven months and twenty days.

In order that he might do this more secretly, he frequently changed his lodging; for as the time wore on he began to fear that his brother might have involved himself in one of the political intrigues common in those days, and he felt that the utmost caution was required, lest his constant visits to that quarter of the city should be watched, and lead to suspicion.

A strange piece of blind obedience this seemed, even to himself, and of trust in his brother; what appeared to him the strangest part of the letter was the entreaty that he would always bring a lantern; "as if there could be any fear," he thought, "of my not recognizing his step, or as if it could be likely that more men than one could by any probability be standing by that solitary corner." But in those days of tyrannical government and lawless faction, flight and mysterious disappearance were not uncommon. Thus Anselmo watched on, though hope began to wax faint, even in his strong and patient heart.

The clock struck one. "Eleven months," said he, "and one and twenty days!—I will watch for thee the year out." He put his hand to the slit in the wall, and withdrew his lantern; it was dying in the socket. "What," said he, "is the light also weary of watching!" He turned, and a heavy stone hard by his feet was



raised from beneath, and up from under the earth came his brother.

"Thy cloak—quick! cover me with it," he whispered. "Hide my prison garments."

"Thy prison garments!" repeated Anselmo, faintly, for he was distraught and amazed.

His brother took the cloak and wrapped himself in it. It was not so dark but that Anselmo could see that his feet were bare and his face haggard. He took the lantern and threw it down, beckoning towards the river.

"Let it lie," he said, to his young brother.

"I am sorry the light has gone out just when it is wanted," said Anselmo, for he was still amazed, and scarcely knew what he was talking about.

"Eleven months and twenty-one days hath it served me well," his brother replied; "nothing else, whether alive or dead, saving thyself only, will serve me so well again."

What a strange thing this was to hear; but the walls of the old Italian city echoed the sound so softly that none awoke to listen, and the two figures, gliding under the deep shadow of the houses, passed away, and were seen there no more.

By morning dawn a vessel left the harbour, and two brothers stood upon the deck, bidding farewell to their native country; the one was young, the other had a wan cheek, and hands hardened by labour; but the prison dress was gone, and both were clad in the usual costume of their rank and order.

"And now we are safe and together," said Anselmo, "I pray thee tell me thy story. Why didst thou keep me waiting so long, and where didst thou rise from at last?"

"That I can tell thee at all, is thy doing," answered his brother: "because thou didst never fail to bring me the lantern."

And then, while the grey Italian shores waxed faint in the sunny distance, and all hearts began to turn towards the new world, whither the vessel was bound, Anselmo's brother descended with him into the cabin, and there told him, with many expressions of affection, the remarkable tale which follows:—

He had, unknown to his brother, made himself obnoxious to the government; and the night of his disappearance he was surrounded, and after making a desperate defence, he was overpowered and thrown into prison. In a dreadful dungeon he lay till his wounds were healed, and then, for some cause unknown to himself, he was given

over to the keeping of his deadly enemy: one whose house had long been of the opposite faction to his own. By this enemy he was conveyed to the P— Palace, and laid in a dungeon, that, as he said, "Nothing it seemed could have broken through, unless his teeth had been strong enough to eat through that wall." Almost every hour in the day his enemy came and looked at him through a hole in the door; his food was given him by means of this aperture; and when he complained of the want of bedding, they gave him, also by means of the hole, a thin mattress, and two coarse rugs to cover him.

This dungeon contained nothing but one large chest placed against the wall, and half-filled with heavy stones; one of these, he was given to understand, would be tied round his neck should he attempt to escape, and his body would be thrown into the river.

His light in the daytime came through the little slit so often mentioned; but in daylight he could do nothing, for his enemy's eyes were frequently upon him; from twelve o'clock to three in the night were the only hours when all his jailers slept, and then it was dark, and he could do nothing but just feel the strength and thickness of the wall: a hopeless task indeed to break it down with one poor pair of hands!

But, after months of misery and despair, one of the jailers took pity on him, and asked him whether there was anything he could do to help him to endure his captivity better. "Yes," said the poor prisoner; "I have been a studious man, and if I could now read, it would help me to endure my misery. I dare not read in the daytime, for my enemy would not suffer me to have such a solace; but in the night, if I could have a light in the slit."

The jailer was frightened, and told him not to think of it. Yet, as his prisoner kept urging it, he looked at the height of the slit and its small size, and then, when he had heard the words that were to convey this request for a light, and that they told nothing as to where Anselmo's brother was, he consented to convey them; first getting a solemn promise that he would never attempt to speak to his brother, even if he should find it possible, and, secondly, that he would never betray him.

Whether this jailer felt certain that he never could escape, whether he was not loth to aid in it, or whether he pitied him, and thought no harm could come of the light, is not known; certain it is that he searched this dungeon diligently every night, and ex-

amined the iron protection to the slit: it was far above the poor prisoner's head, and when the jailer found it always safe he appeared satisfied. Yet the work of breaking through the wall began the first night of the lantern, and never ceased till it came to a triumphant conclusion.

The great chest, as has been said, was half-full of heavy stones; as soon as the light enabled him to act with certainty and perfect quiet, he laid his mattress and rugs beside it, opened the lid, took every stone out in turn, and placed it on one of them; he then, exerting all his strength, lifted the chest away, and began to undermine the stones behind it, and under it.

With wonderful skill and caution, he went gradually on; but it took twenty minutes of labor to empty the chest, and twenty minutes to fill it with equal quiet: there remained, therefore, only twenty minutes in which to perform the rest of this herculean labour.

But for the light he must have handled the stones with less certainty, and, of course, the least noise would have caused all to be discovered. How little could be done each night becomes evident, when it is remembered that the stones and rubbish which he displaced had to be put back again, and the chest returned to the same position before the light was withdrawn.

For nine months he made but little progress, and for the next two months the difficulty of disposing of the rubbish daunted him; but the last night, when still far from the surface, though already through the wall, such a quantity of earth heaved in that he swept it down fearlessly upon the floor of his dungeon, and resolved to make a daring effort to escape, and risk all on that one venture. He crept through the hole once more, and shielding his head with one arm, pushed upwards with the other; more and more earth fell, and at last, nearly suffocated, he applied all his strength to the flat stone that it had left bare, heaved it up and escaped to life and freedom.

Which is most remarkable here? — the trust of the elder brother, who could venture so much on a protracted attention to his letter, or the obedience of the younger to a command which he could not understand?

We can scarcely tell. Yet this story, though widely different in some respects, has one point of resemblance to another narrative far more worthy of credit, but which passes among many for an idle tale, if one may judge by the thoughts that they bestow upon it.

It is the true story of a King's Son, one who saved the lives of many, and reconciled them to his Father whom they had offended. In his wonderful condescension, He called himself their Elder Brother; but after He had long dwelt among them, He one day disappeared from their sight, promising them that after many days He would come again. He sent them a message afterwards, entreating them to watch, and saying "Behold, I come quickly!"

For a while they did watch; but afterwards it was said in his kingdom which he had left, "Our Lord delayeth his coming, and we are weary of watching, the time is so long. If He had told us the exact day or the exact hour when He would return, we would have been ready, and would have gone out to meet Him with great joy; but we cannot always watch, though He has promised us and done for us so much."

It is a long time now since that message was sent; some dispute its meaning, some say it shall be on this manner, and some on that manner; some have even said, "Those many days must now be drawing near their close."

But, O prisoner, working by night in the light of your brother's candle! O elder brother, who had won such true fraternal love! O friend so trusted in, though not understood, so longed for, though scarcely expected — how differently was your earthly claim admitted — your earthly command obeyed! There was One who said, "Watch, for ye know not the day, neither the hour, when the Son of Man cometh;" and "what I say unto you, I say unto all — Watch!"

BUT DO THEY WATCH?

From the Sunday Magazine.

#### "THE BLACK CAMEL."

##### A FEW THOUGHTS FOR BEREAVED PARENTS.

WHEN God sent us our little Edith, it was a time of darkness and of sorrow, and the smiles that welcomed her were something like the rays of sunshine breaking through a rift in the storm-clouds, and falling upon the drenched and dripping foliage. But they were very bright smiles nevertheless, just as the sunshine is, I think, all the brighter when it thus pierces the blackness and is reflected by a myriad rain-drops. And wonderful was the comfort which that little baby brought us. There she lay; tiny and helpless; clinging to us

and seeming to call us to exert ourselves for her; and yet she strengthened us, and as we looked at her we gained courage. Scarcely had she opened her dark blue eyes upon the world, before, on a cold foggy winter's night, we had to take her up and carry her away, we hardly knew whither—for still the clouds hung over us, and if all around us was dark, all before us was darker still. But, as we traversed our uncertain path, carrying our precious burden with us, she supported us more than we supported her, and seemed visibly to connect us with that care which we had so often been in danger of doubting.

After a while the storm passed away, and all around us became as bright as it had previously been dark. Our home was very happy, but Edith seemed to produce for us more of that happiness than any other of the many blessings for which we had to be thankful.

Our Heavenly Father had given her to us as a star to cheer our darkness, but even now that the day had come she increased its radiance not a little.

She was soon able to run about and talk to us in her broken childish prattle, making herself easily understood, not only by us but by others who were perfect strangers to her. That she was surprisingly quick, intelligent, and affectionate, was not the mere verdict of parental fondness, but a matter of common remark with all who knew her. There was nothing fairy-like or ethereal about her. She was a chubby, little, rosy-cheeked, blue-eyed, golden-haired child, full of rough antics, and not unfrequently displaying childish tempers; but there was a wonderful fascination about her, and her influence upon us was almost magical. Though unusually quick, she was in no respect precocious, but thoroughly a child; and yet somehow we seemed to learn much from her, and to be made better and more trustful and hopeful by her presence. Parents teach children much, but do not children teach parents a great deal more?

Nearly two years passed away. They were years of peace and prosperity unmarked by any very notable incident. Meanwhile our little one was becoming more and more firmly bound to our hearts until we wondered how we had lived before she was given to us, and scarcely dared to ask how we should live if she were taken from us.

The spring had come with all its freshness, and brightness, and promise, and for some weeks we had been meditating a sojourn amongst the mountains of North

Wales. All our preparations were made, our luggage packed, and the day came for our departure, but on the morning of that day we were roused earlier than usual: Edith had been very restless all night, and did not seem well.

The medical man, however, said that the indisposition was only very slight, and that in a few days she would be quite well again. But our hearts told us he was wrong; and so it proved. She became gradually worse during the day; and when, in answer to our further anxious summons, the doctor came again in the evening, he told us that there was no hope. The fatal croup had got so firm a hold of our little darling, that no earthly power could release her; she would continue to grow worse, and in a few hours must inevitably die.

Years have elapsed since that dreadful sentence fell upon my ears; but even now, as I think of it, I experience something of the thrill of agony which the terrible words caused at first. So sudden!—so overwhelming! In the morning, “no fear;” at night, “no hope.”

I have often heard the Turkish proverb, “The Black Camel kneels at every man's door;” but on this night, for the first time, I seemed to hear his steady tramp in the distance approaching my dwelling. The night passed slowly on; the little sufferer tossed about in our arms or upon her bed, unable to remain at rest for more than a few seconds, and in the intense and lingering agony of her disease casting such appealing looks to us for the help which she could no longer ask, and which she seemed to think we ought to give, as rent our hearts with far greater pain than even the thought of losing her occasioned. And with every moan and every convulsion of the features there came the harrowing conviction that the worst had not yet come, and that the destroyer was but tightening his grasp upon our precious child; and ever that same steady tramp fell upon my ear with increasing distinctness. Nearer and nearer the Black Camel came, but at length we even became impatient that he approached no quicker. So heartrending were our baby's sufferings, that even *we*, who on the previous morning had thought life almost impossible without her—we, who feared only that we had idolized her, longed for her release; and were never so much disposed to doubt our Father's care as when her agony was thus protracted. At long last it came. The poor little face turned cold and pallid; the eyes, from whose dark blue depths so much affection had beamed, became fixed

and glassy; the once ruby lips lost all their colour; the breathing became fainter; and, just as the calm grey dawn of the summer's morning looked into our sorrowful chamber, a last gentle sigh passed through those pallid lips, and our little Edith was in Heaven. The Black Camel knelt at our door for a moment, and, taking up his precious burden, passed on into the dim and distant land, whither so many of our treasures have been carried out of our sight. Our child was given to us for a while, just when our need was greatest; but, having cheered our sorrow, as perhaps only such a child could have cheered us, and having strengthened our faith in the Everlasting Love, her work here was done, though it hardly seemed begun, and He who gave her to us called her to something higher and nobler far, which even such a one was, by his grace and mercy, fitted for.

"He would have infant trebles ringing  
The glories of the great I AM;  
He would have childish voices singing  
The hallelujahs of the Lamb."

There is nothing out of the common way in this simple recital of our first loss. No doubt almost every one who reads it could tell a similar story, for the proverb is true enough, "The Black Camel kneels at every man's door," but the purpose I have at present before me is to remind such that there is more in the proverb than at first sight appears.

No doubt the notion which the Turks have, and which generally obtains, is that the Black Camel kneels to take up and bear away as his burden what is most precious to us. Such, and such alone, was my feeling when our little girl was taken from us; but I have lived some years since then, and have lived to learn that there is a deeper meaning in the saying, worth far more than that which lies on the surface.

The Black Camel takes away our treasure; but when he kneels at our door, *does he not many a time leave behind a still greater treasure?*

What a blank we felt when Edith was no longer visibly present with us. How our hearts sank as we went to one spot after another which had become associated with her, and found all vacant and still; when at every turn a chair, a toy, or some little article of dress attracted our notice. The little hat, beneath which we could still almost see the flashing of her merry blue eyes. The tiny boots which she had worn for the first time, and which she showed us

with so much pride the very day before her death. The drinking cup from which alone she would allow her poor parched lips to be moistened during the protracted agony of the last hours. The corals which had encircled the bonnie neck, and the familiar frocks and pinafores which only seemed to be laid aside whilst she slept, to be put on again when she should presently awake. All brought fresh tears to our eyes, and made the sense of loss weigh more heavily upon our hearts. Oh! how desolate our home seemed for a while.

But at length we became sensible that though the Black Camel had taken what was so precious, he had left behind what was not less so. In one sense, we seemed even to have more of Edith than we had before. Her bodily presence was gone, and yet we had reason to acknowledge with deep thankfulness how true are the words spoken by a great teacher of our day who knows well what he says—"the children whom God brings up for us are more to us than those we bring up for ourselves; the cradle empty blesses us more than the cradle filled." Our child did not appear to be far far away from us in an unknown land. It was as though the spirit, freed from the material body, got nearer to our spirit, and exerted upon us an influence such as was not possible before. It might be fancy, but it was a fancy which wrought for us advantages which were anything but fanciful. Perhaps she was amongst the ministering spirits commissioned from our Father. A helpless little baby when she died, but now gifted with a power to do for us far more than we could ever do for her.

Often the thought of Edith has checked wrong feeling—given fervency to our prayers—power to our faith, and reality to the spiritual world as the thought of no *living* child could do. She kept us from doubting our Father's care when she travelled with us in the first winter of her life, but more so since she has gone to her home in heaven as we have travelled the rough wilderness path without her. The Father who has *our child* in his keeping will surely take care of us. The very fact that He has taken her to his own bosom strengthens our confidence in his willingness to befriend us. For we have always felt that God removed her, not only because He loved her, but because He loved us. We were sure that He *gave* her to us in his love, and when she died we had no thought that the gift had been withdrawn in anger, but in the same love as prompted Him to send it.

And then, was it not worth something to

have our thoughts drawn heavenward, as they were drawn by our sainted child? So much of our thought and affection had been centred in her; and when she was called away, that thought and affection followed her to the better world.

A little while before her death, we had heard a story which has ever since had for us a special significance. Some years ago a party of friends were enjoying, on a fine summer's day, a boating excursion upon one of our inland lakes. Having gone a certain distance, one young lady declined to go further, saying that she would remain on one of the islands which studded the lake. She was therefore left; but the party remained away longer than they intended, and, a thick fog coming on, they were much afraid of losing her. At last, however, her clear voice was heard: "Come this way, father—come this way." The young lady is now in heaven; but still very often does her father hear the words repeated from the upper sanctuary, "Come this way, father—come this way."

Thus did we hear our little Edith calling to us scores of times from different parts of the house; still the sound rings in our ears, frequently saving us from being too much absorbed with the visible present; and I confidently look forward to hearing it one day when the sights of earth grow dim, and its sounds dull, and when it will be especially cheering to recognize the voice of my own child amongst the many that join to call from the heights of immortality.

Then further the Black Camel bore away our treasure, but it was to a *place of greater safety*. We have now a much more certain prospect of possessing that treasure eternally than we should have had if it had remained with us upon earth.

It is undoubtedly a great joy to have our children clustering around us here, but the pavilion of our love is not safe from the entrance of the tempter, and all our strength cannot shield them from those influences which so frequently pervert the fairest dispositions. We have so often seen early promise end in shame and sorrow, that we cannot help sometimes shuddering to think what *may* become of the most lovely of our children.

In more than the one case of which we have all heard, the angelic countenance of the child, from which the light of truth and affection has shone, and which the artist has enthusiastically painted and hung up in his studio as the type of holy innocence, has in a few short years, by the terrible alchemy of vice, been so transformed as to

furnish for the same artist a hideous impersonation of guilt.

And so the infant that has been fondled upon the lap, the joy and hope of its parents, and the admiration of all—the very light of the home, and seemingly essential to its happiness—has, despite all affectionate and tender care, and wise counsel and holy example, developed into a being of such depravity as to be a curse to his family, wringing with unutterable woe the hearts that were once so proud of him; and they have even mourned that he was not removed while yet in his innocence.

It is very hard to have a child taken from our arms just when all its attractions are unfolding, and our whole being is wrapped up in it—but it is far more terrible to have a child spared to us until we cannot help but see that it is lost for ever. In the one case we have the confident hope of everlasting re-union,—in the other, we are certain that, should we enter heaven ourselves, we must leave our child behind us for ever in the outer darkness and the torments of the lost.

The first strong consolation which came over our spirits, calming their agitation as the Saviour's "Peace, be still," calmed the storm upon the lake, softly whispered into our ears as by the Divine Spirit himself almost at the very moment when our darling ceased to breathe, was the words—

"Safe, safe at home, where the rude tempter comes not."

Many a time now, as we sail over this tempestuous sea of life, carrying our other treasures with us, and trembling again and again lest the dashing waves of temptation should sweep them away, and they should be submerged in the billows and lost to us *for ever*, it is very sweet to look up to our Father's house, and think we have at least one child *safe there*, the wildest storm cannot reach *her*, and when we arrive on that peaceful shore, *she* will be ours for ever. The transformation we shall behold in her will not be that of the pure and gentle child into the hardened and repulsive sinner, but into the glorious angelic being, radiant even amidst the radiance of heaven—fit to occupy a place with those whose white robes flash beneath the dazzling light which beams from the Throne.

So long then as these things are so, is it not rather a matter for thankfulness that God has thus made our treasure *secure* for us? Is it not worth our while to give up resignedly and even thankfully the tempo-



rary possession of it, or rather the temporary sight of it (for, as I have said, we still feel it to be ours), and especially considering that we have in return for our privation the honour of feeling that one has taken her place, in *our name*, in the glorious assembly of the redeemed? In the knowledge of that fact there is, too, an incentive to spiritual diligence which is a treasure greater even than the honour. Shall our Edith be the *only* one bearing our name in that glorious host? Shall she be there, and they from whom she took the name be absent?

My reader, the Black Camel has knelt at *your* door. I think I may fairly presume this, if you have read so far, for these are but common-place words, very trite doubtless to those who do not need them, as water is insipid to those who are not thirsty; and you have only read on line after line hoping to find some comfort and help for yourself. The treasures carried from your home (for the sable visitant has perhaps been more than once) were, I doubt not, quite as precious to you as was my little Edith to me. I hope you have also found that treasures have been left with you for which you do not feel that you have paid too dearly. Whether this is so or not, to a large extent depends upon yourself.

The greatest treasures are sometimes within our grasp, and we do not know it; and *because* we do not know it we allow them to pass away and we lose them. The angel comes, but we see in him only a stranger, and a stranger in no very winning guise, and so we neglect to entertain him, and he who might have filled our home with blessing passes out of it dishonoured, taking back with him the gift he would fain have left. Oh! how much richer we should all have been if we had only had the patience or the penetration to look beyond the dress, or even the tones and manner of our visitors, and to discover their nature and their mission.

Never was camel burdened with gems and spices and costly merchandise so richly laden as the Black Camel which God sends to every man's door! And yet, because he comes with a demand for some of *our* treasure, we shut our eyes to the good which he brings us, and often petulantly refuse to have it.

Let us be wiser for the future, and as we let him carry away out of our sight for a while our precious possessions, let us gratefully accept those gifts of unutterable value which only such a messenger could bring,

and which this messenger leaves only with those who are prepared to receive them.

There is another thought which must not escape us. We have none of us done with this Black Camel yet. At least *once* more he is certain to come, kneeling at our door for the last time, no more to take away our household gods, but to take *ourselves*, either from our treasures or to our treasures. If he has brought us nothing worth the having when on former occasions he has visited us, then he will take us forever from our treasures when he comes for the last time.

If the removal of our loved ones from our side has not done great things for us — giving us more meekness and submission — weaning us from the world — strengthening our faith in unchanging love — making the spirit world more real to us, and quickening our diligence in seeking for the inheritance of the saints; it must have hardened and soured us, and the gulf between us and our sainted friends must have been widened by every bereavement, so that at length the Black Camel will come to carry us for ever out of their reach, and the only communication coming to us from their blessed habitation will be, "They which would pass from hence to you cannot, neither can they pass to us that would come from thence."

Let you and me, then, who are weeping because our children are not, seek in all lowliness and meekness to take the good things which our Father would send us through our sorrows, and as the Black Camel comes from time to time to our door he will greatly enrich and not impoverish us; and when he halts at our dwelling for the last time, it will be to bear us home where our loved ones are gathered, waiting for us, and where

"Hand in hand firm linked at last,  
And heart with heart enfolded all,  
We'll smile upon the troubled past,  
And wonder why we wept at all."

W. C. P.

From the Spectator.

#### THE GENIUS OF SHAKESPEARE.\*

MR. GRANT WHITE has made Shakespeare a study of love, but of that love which

\* *Memoirs of the Life and Genius of Shakespeare*; with an Essay toward the Expression of his Genius, and an Account of the Rise and Progress of the English Drama. By Richard Grant White. London: Trübner. Boston (America): Little, Brown, and Co.

in cultivated Americans is one of the pleasiest links between the Old World and the New. To say that the classical literature of England is loved by Americans more than it is by ourselves would be a feeble expression of the truth. Their love takes the form of worship even more than of admiration. But Mr. White is an active politician as well as an author, and the practical sagacity which this circumstance enables him to bring to bear, has in a great degree preserved him from the disturbing and paralyzing effects of mere hero-worship. Mr. White is familiar with all that has been written on Shakespeare of any weight. At all events you can trace the influence of modern criticism, and the modern eclectic spirit so prominent of late in America, in almost every line of his work. He is at home in the broad views which look for the influences of race and what modern lights are pleased to call cosmic elements—is that the word?—as they come to a head in some one individual. Thus, for instance, Mr. White, who is great on the Anglo-Saxon greatness of America, is strong on the Anglo-Saxon greatness of Shakespeare. Shakespeare was of the Anglo-Saxons, Anglo-Saxon, the truest expression of the Anglo-Saxon genius, “even though his genius was not of an age, but for all time.” “Only his race [the Anglo-Saxon race] could have produced him, for a Celtic, a Scandinavian, or even a German Shakespeare is inconceivable, and that race only at the time when he appeared.” But if Mr. White is at home with the broader views, he is equally at home in the minutest details of criticism, and he shows a highly cultivated appreciation of Shakespeare both as a critic accustomed to analyze the great masters in literature, and also as a man alive to every natural beauty.

Mr. Grant White's essay upon Shakespeare will be read with a double interest in this country. This country abounds with Shakespearean scholars. If the men who have studied Shakespeare here with something of a professed literary eye were gathered together, they might possibly fill a small town, or perhaps populate a minute county. The same can hardly be said of any other English classic, except perhaps Bacon. Two or three men take to one author, one or two to another, and if they stick to it they become a sort of authorities on that subject, as, for instance, Professor Masson on Milton, or Mr. Carlyle on Cromwell. But the number of students, and students with pretensions, upon Shakespeare is actually legion. And in this view Mr. White will find a large pro-

fessional audience waiting to listen to him, not in every case in the most amiable disposition perhaps (for Shakespeare, although his writings are so elevated, seems to inspire a furious desire to bite, and bite exceedingly hard, in a certain number, at all events, of his devotees), but still with curiosity, and Mr. White is sufficiently armed and equipped to bear the brunt of curiosity, whether truculent or gracious.

The *Memoirs*, as Mr. White perhaps a little fancifully calls them, of Shakespeare, which open the volume before us have one peculiar claim to attention. They are sifted and digested by a thoroughly practical man, whose sense of practical reality supplies him with an additional critical faculty, and discriminate for us all that commentators and antiquaries have piled up respecting Shakespeare's life and antecedents. A connected account, stripped of all accessories and individual views, of what is really known of Shakespeare, and compiled by a highly cultivated man of the world, may or may not excite controversy, — it will always have a value of its own. Possibly Mr. Grant White may lay chief stress in his own mind upon his own essay upon the *Genius of Shakespeare*, which occupies the kernel of the volume. At all events he speaks of his emotions and hesitation, when “shrinking back, as he essayed to measure with his little line and fathom, with his puny plummet, the vast profound of Shakespeare's genius.” The man who has these feelings, and can express them with so much touching grace and appropriateness, must yet, after the struggle to overcome his natural sense of reluctance to so great a task, think more of the undertaking in consequence of the effort which it has cost him. This essay occupies a hundred and twenty pages, full of sound and delicate criticism, which of course we cannot undertake to reproduce here. But we can attempt to give a general idea of the drift of Mr. White's views. He could not well avoid saying, merely because it was so true, that Shakespeare had genius, in contradistinction with talent — genius being creative, talent adaptive, power — but he improves the truism by adding that “Shakespeare united in himself genius in its supremest nature and talent in its largest development, adding to the peculiar and original powers of his mind a certain dexterity and sagacity in the use of them which are frequently the handmaids of talent, but which are rarely found in company with genius.” And this is important as well as true. Shakespeare's *talent* in the true sense of the word is only lost sight of in the greatness of his genius.

Sir Bulwer Lytton, for instance, is as great as a man of letters can be by talent *without* genius. His talent is so great that when you look at it from a distance it almost wears the appearance of genius, and so it seems to the multitude. Approach his works critically, and they fall to pieces like gaudy packs of cards. The closer you look into Shakespeare the deeper he seems, without losing the gloss of his brilliant talent and dexterity. Mr. White's criticisms are in the main well worth attending to. He does not profess a German "inner-life code of exegesis," nor does he tie himself to Coleridge's Shakesperian school. But he has read Coleridge and Gervinus, and mentions them with respect and deference. Of course it is difficult to say anything new about Shakespeare. But then what Mr. White says, even though it does not always sound new, is Mr. White's, seen with his own eyes, and said in his own way. What he says of Shakespeare's style, its English essence, freedom from foreign touch, freedom from classicism, grandeur of spontaneity, his supreme unconsciousness, the total absence of the literary element from his work, the absence of purism too, his ready use of all such Romance words as answered his direct purpose, his happy and boundless audacity, his unlimited execution, but execution always subordinate to his still more unlimited wealth of ideas, his easy and almost-miraculous mastery over every colour of language, every detail of rhetoric, his perfectly unbridled carelessness in metaphor so that sense be saved, his gentle grace, and that sweetness so ineffable to the human ear which Mr. Carlyle forgot when he invented his modern neo-Babel, — all this Mr. White sees, and treats clearly; nor is he blind to Shakespeare's defects.

Of course Mr. White's admiration for Shakespeare is not, nor could it be, entirely separate from a certain love for "Old England." As Cicero, reading Sophocles or Homer, would think tenderly of Athens, so England is no doubt a species of Athens to cultivated Americans already. It is true that England stands to America in point of power in a relation something different to that of Athens to the Rome of Cicero. But the Americans have unconsciously discounted the difference, and overlooking the lapse of time yet ahead, they look already in imagination back upon "*Old England*" as a dignified old lady; perhaps dowager duchess, if you will, possessed of some considerable jewelry and old family apparel, and many fine traditions of the old time, but toothless for all that. Well, Mr.

Grant White will use many polite formulas of protestation perhaps, which we will with equal politeness accept, as they are tendered. But it is all there, protestations to the contrary. We have spoken of his book very warmly and deservedly, and therefore he will permit us — permit the present reviewer — to offer one or two casual observations on certain forms of expression which in another edition might with advantage be omitted. English critics would, we apprehend, join us in thinking that "the great heart of Nature," and "the throb of her deep pulses," are best left to the imitators, if he has any, of Sir Bulwer Lytton in his *Strange Stories*. Mr. White now and then cultivates a little too much the language of our grander school. For example, Americans are probably too sensible to stand "mute in delight and wonder," or if they do, to say so in those words. "Blazes of ever-brightening glory" are like blazes of all sorts, inartistic, and "fitful and lurid lights" are to be seen only in Bulwer and our smaller novelists and lesser painters. As a mere matter of critical taste, we do not like the hack combinations of "patrimonial fields," and "humbler husbandmen," "mocking of futile efforts," and "tomes of pretentious title," "precious children," and "melodious versification," "surpassing beauties," and "unparalleled atrocities." At the same time these are mere matters of taste, which do not affect the substance of Mr. Grant White's book. Many expressions, which among us have passed into the literary cant of the day, may in America seem to be endowed with the crusted flavour of classical euphoniousness, as classical euphoniousness ought to be, and must be, in "Old" England. But Old England, busily plying the new paint-pot, and laughing in her sleeve at her old beaux, is pleased to consider that, old harriidan or not, she is younger than ever she was, — in her feelings, at all events, if not in her complexion, — and means to be younger still to the end of the chapter.

From the Athenæum.

*Legends and Lyrics.* By Adelaide Anne Procter. With an Introduction by Charles Dickens. New Edition, with Additions. Illustrated. (Bell & Daldy.)

It was the fortune of this journal first to call public attention to the collected poems of a poet's daughter — the finish, clearness, and quiet individuality of which grow and will grow, on their being returned to

Their writer has won a place of her own; a place which will last. Having gone minutely through the pages of this new edition, knowing many of the verses by heart, every impression formerly expressed is more than confirmed. The place of Adelaide Anne Procter is in the Golden Book of English poetesses.

This showy issue of her delicate, thoughtful, devotional verses put forth in a Christmas form, with illustrations which we take leave to think are nearly as unsatisfactory as illustrations can be, is prefaced by a few pages by Mr. Dickens which will live in connection with Adelaide Procter's poems, so long as any sympathy for verse shall endure. Let us take the first and the last of them:—

"In the spring of the year 1853, I observed, as conductor of the weekly journal *Household Words*, a short poem among the proffered contributions, very different, as I thought, from the shoal of verses perpetually setting through the office of such a periodical, and possessing much more merit. Its authoress was quite unknown to me. She was one Miss Mary Berwick, whom I had never heard of; and she was to be addressed by letter, if addressed at all, at a circulating library in the western district of London. Through this channel, Miss Berwick was informed that her poem was accepted, and was invited to send another. She complied, and became a regular and frequent contributor. Many letters passed between the journal and Miss Berwick, but Miss Berwick herself was never seen. How we came gradually to establish, at the office of *Household Words*, that we knew all about Miss Berwick, I have never discovered. But, we settled somehow, to our complete satisfaction, that she was governess in a family; that she went to Italy in that capacity, and returned; and that she had long been in the same family. We really knew nothing whatever of her, except that she was remarkably business-like, punctual, self-reliant, and reliable: so I suppose we insensibly invented the rest. For myself, my mother was not a more real personage to me, than Miss Berwick the governess became. This went on until December, 1854, when the Christmas Number, entitled 'The Seven Poor Travellers,' was sent to press. Happening to be going to dine that day with an old and dear friend, distinguished in literature as Barry Cornwall, I took with me an early proof of that number, and remarked, as I laid it on the drawing-room table, that it contained a very pretty poem, written by a certain Miss Ber-

wick. Next day brought me the disclosure that I had so spoken of the poem to the mother of its writer, in its writer's presence; that I had no such correspondent in existence as Miss Berwick; and that the name had been assumed by Barry Cornwall's eldest daughter, Miss Adelaide Anne Procter. The anecdote I have here noted down, besides serving to explain why the parents of the late Miss Procter have looked to me for these poor words of remembrance of their lamented child, strikingly illustrates the honesty, independence, and quiet dignity of the lady's character. I had known her when she was very young; I had been honoured with her father's friendship when I was myself a young aspirant; and she had said at home, 'If I send him, in my own name, verses that he does not honestly like, either it will be very painful to him to return them, or he will print them for papa's sake, and not for their own. So I have made up my mind to take my chance fairly with the unknown volunteers.' Perhaps it requires an editor's experience of the profoundly unreasonable grounds on which he is often urged to accept unsuitable articles—such as having been to school with the writer's husband's brother-in-law, or having lent an alpenstock in Switzerland to the writer's wife's nephew, when that interesting stranger had broken his own—fully to appreciate the delicacy and the self-respect of this resolution. \* \* She was exceedingly humorous, and had a great delight in humour. Cheerfulness was habitual with her, she was very ready at a sally or a reply, and in her laugh (as I remember well) there was an unusual vivacity, enjoyment, and sense of drollery. She was perfectly unconstrained and unaffected: as modestly silent about her productions, as she was generous with their pecuniary results. \* \* No claim can be set up for her, thank God, to the possession of any of the conventional poetical qualities. She never by any means held the opinion that she was among the greatest of human beings; she never suspected the existence of a conspiracy on the part of mankind against her; she never recognized in her best friends, her worst enemies; she never cultivated the luxury of being misunderstood and unappreciated; she would far rather have died without seeing a line of her composition in print, than that I should have maundered about her, here, as 'the Poet,' or 'the Poetess.' \* \* Always impelled by an intense conviction that her life must not be dreamed away, and that her indulgence in her favourite pursuits



must be balanced by action in the real world around her, she was indefatigable in her endeavours to do some good. Naturally enthusiastic, and conscientiously impressed with a deep sense of her Christian duty to her neighbour, she devoted herself to a variety of benevolent objects. Now, it was the visitation of the sick, that had possession of her; now, it was the sheltering of the houseless; now, it was the elementary teaching of the densely ignorant; now, it was the raising up of those who had wandered and got trodden under foot; now, it was the wider employment of her own sex in the general business of life; now, it was all these things at once. Perfectly unselfish, swift to sympathize and eager to relieve, she wrought at such designs with a flushed earnestness that disregarded season, weather, time of day or night, food, rest. Under such a hurry of the spirits, and such incessant occupation, the strongest constitution will commonly go down. Hers, neither of the strongest nor the weakest, yielded to the burden, and began to sink. To have saved her life, then, by taking action on the warning that shone in her eyes and sounded in her voice, would have been impossible, without changing her nature. As long as the power of moving about in the old way was left to her, she must exercise it, or be killed by the restraint. And so the time came when she could move about no longer, and took to her bed. All the restlessness gone then, and all the sweet patience of her natural disposition purified by the resignation of her soul, she lay upon her bed through the whole round of changes of the seasons. She lay upon her bed through fifteen months. In all that time, her old cheerfulness never quitted her. In all that time, not an impatient or a querulous minute can be remembered. At length, at midnight on the 2d of February, 1864, she turned down a leaf of a little book she was reading, and shut it up. The ministering hand that had copied the verses into the tiny album was soon around her neck, and she quietly asked, as the clock was on the stroke of One: 'Do you think I am dying, mamma?'—'I think you are very, very ill to-night, my dear.'—'Send for my sister. My feet are so cold. Lift me up!' Her sister entering as they raised her, she said: 'It has come at last!' And with a bright and happy smile, looked upward, and departed."

It is impossible to add to, still more to spoil, the beauty of this monograph.

From the Economist, 9th December.

#### THE ECONOMIC VALUE OF JUSTICE TO THE DARK RACES.

IN all these quarrels between the white and the dark races, of which we have of late years had so many — no year for eight years having been free of them — there is one point which is apt to escape European attention, and that is the economic value of being just. There is probably no one point of politics which involves economic results so wide or so permanent as the relation between the white and the dark races of the world. It is probably the destiny, it is even now the function, it is certainly the interest of the European, and more particularly of the English family of mankind, to guide and urge and control the industrial enterprises of all Asia, of all Africa, and of those portions of America settled by African, Asiatic, or hybrid races. Those enterprises are very large indeed, — very much larger than the majority even of considerate men are at all aware of. It would be very difficult to fix a limit to the industrial enterprises in India — railways, tramroads, works of irrigation, plantations of tea, coffee, indigo, cinchona, and other articles, which would be certain to pay; but the present limit, the amount now before our eyes, is not less than one-fourth our own heavy national debt. It is not certain indeed — in our judgment it is more than doubtful — whether an English guide and director of labour, a captain of labour (so to speak), paid by a per-centage, would not save expense and loss of strength in every department of Indian effort, whether it would not for example pay both European and native to cultivate rice in a scientific way in very extensive farms. If it would, of which we have little doubt, the work ready for Europeans in India alone is almost limitless, they being required to direct the cultivation as well as the political progress of two hundred millions of men. The field open in China is even greater, the Chinaman, who is already the most industrious and one of the most ingenious of mankind, needing nothing except a directing brain in which he will confide. The work to be done in that empire alone — we mean the profitable work — in railways and canals of irrigation, and tea planting, and silk growing, and above all in inland steam navigation, is wholly beyond any experience we have yet acquired in Europe. Supposing Englishmen and Chinese ready to work together, there is at this moment



in existence within that empire a traffic which would supply a system of railways three times as extensive as the Indian, a reproductive expenditure that is of three hundred millions sterling, and a range of inland navigation, open to steamers, as great as that of the United States. Similar conditions exist in Japan, in Indo-China, in Persia, and throughout Asiatic Turkey, while in Africa every form of tropical cultivation remains to be still begun, and almost every form, from sugar growing in Abyssinia to vine growing at the Cape, will be found to pay. There are, in fact, fields of enterprise in tropical regions greater than all those which we have as yet explored or partially exhausted. Of their ultimate pecuniary value we may judge from the single fact that, while in 1813 the trade of India was not three millions sterling, it now exceeds one hundred millions, and is still, in the opinion of many observers, in its infancy. Supposing China and India to take as many English articles head for head as Ceylon does, English exports to those two countries alone would rise to the immense figure of 250,000,000 sterling, Ceylon in 1863 taking more than ten shillings' worth for each head of her population.

The one necessity essential to the development of these new sources of prosperity is the arrangement of some industrial system under which very large bodies of dark labourers will work willingly under a very few European supervisors. It is not only individual labour which is required, but organized labour, labour so scientifically arranged that the maximum of result shall be obtained at a minimum of cost, that immense sudden efforts, such as are required in tunnel cutting, cotton picking, and many other operations, shall be possible without strikes or quarrels, and that, above all, there shall be no unnatural addition to the price of labour in the shape of bribes to the workmen to obey orders naturally repulsive to their prejudices. All these ends were secured, it must freely be acknowledged, by slavery. For the mere execution of great works cheaply no organization could be equal to that which placed the skilful European at the top, and made him despotic master of the half-skilled black or copper-coloured labourer below. The slave, obtained only food, could not strike, and were not liable to those accidental temptations to desert work which so frequently impede great operations both in India and Egypt. The relation was almost as perfect as that of brain and hand, ex-

cept that the brain will never voluntarily put the hand to torture. Slavery, however, involves besides this organization which is beneficial, moral and social consequences which are not beneficial, which are so injurious that civilization, after a protracted struggle with its own interests and prejudices, has resolved to discard slavery from its working system. A new organization therefore must be commenced, and the only one as yet found to work effectively is, as might have been expected, one based upon perfect freedom and mutual self-interest. Half-slavery, that is slavery minus its immoral incidents, such as the separation of families and denial of education, does not work. It has been tried in every country under the sun in the shape of convict labour, in India in the form of statute, or as it is there called "impressed" labour, and in Egypt upon a splendid scale as "forced" labour under European chiefs, and it does not anywhere pay well. The dislike caused by the sense of compulsion produces too much laziness, too much cheating, too many revolts, and too many deaths, to be profitable to the State which employs it, even in the pecuniary sense. To be profitable, the compulsion must be carried out logically to its last point, the labourers being treated in all respects simply as valuable cattle. Short of that demoralizing condition there is no half-way position to be occupied by labour in which compulsion does not cost to the nation — of course not necessarily to the individual — more than it is worth.

If, however, complete freedom is to be the principle adopted, it is clear that the dark races must in some way or other be induced to obey white men willingly. Without at all affirming or denying any proposition as to the comparative powers of the two colours — a question which will probably never be settled — it is quite certain that for the next hundred years the average black will not catch up the average white, that for that space of time white leadership will save time, power, and money. Fortunately for the world there is no mental reluctance to accept that leadership. Some dark races, such as the Bengalees, honestly prefer it, as less worrying than their own habit of indecision — others, as the Chinese, recognize its superior efficacy — others, as the Africans, accept it as a sort of natural law. They will follow the white unless deterred by some injustice, or failure in honesty, or conduct which they consider — often very foolishly — to humiliate them. To remove the chance of such deterrents should therefore be the object of all wise

legislators, and the easiest mode of removing it is to enforce justice. It need not be justice according to English ideas, which are very lenient, and in respect to some offences are, according to the ideas of coloured men, over lax, but it must be substantial justice. An Asiatic, for example, does not deny the justice of allowing his employer to fine him as an Englishman would, but insists that before he is fined he shall have committed a fault which he previously knew would be so punished. An African is not irritated because larceny is punished with flogging, though an Asiatic is, but he wants a fair hearing first. In fact, he wants to be assured that he is subject to a law, however severe, and not to individual caprice. And, moreover, he insists that the moment work is done and paid for he shall be free of the employer's authority, legal or otherwise, and at liberty to do exactly as he pleases, subject only to the laws of the land. These two points conceded, the dark man will willingly organize labour in great masses under the white man. In India, it is well known that very unpopular persons who happen to have a reputation for justice can always obtain labour, when other men much more easy tempered are baffled, and strict and punctual payment is accepted as the first element in justice. The Indian railways, for example, have had, all circumstances considered, wonderfully little difficulty in obtaining labour. The contractors were generally sensible persons, who resolved that wages should be paid as in England, and half-savage tribes, quite as capricious as negroes and far fiercer, when they found out that fact, came in to work with docile regularity. It is well known there that in one remarkable instance a tribe bore quietly for months a discipline offensively strict without a murmur, but departed in an hour because one of their number had his face slapped against the rules. It is the same among the negroes. This very week a correspondent of the *Times* writing from South Carolina, after a number of statements unfavourable to black labour, makes this remarkable admission:—"A gentleman who has held a leading commercial position in Wilmington for twenty years past expressed a different opinion concerning the negro from any I have yet heard in the South. He had been the owner of slaves and now had the same negroes about him as he had before the emancipation. He had no difficulty whatever with them, and believed that any one who was disposed to pay them properly and treat them fairly would find

in them good and faithful servants. To one negro whom he pointed out to me on his premises he paid a dollar and a half a day. He looked upon the whites as the indolent class in the country." The truth is that justice is the essential element of concerted and joint action between blacks and whites, and could we once convince the dark races that we meant justice, that while enforcing performance of contract we enforced full pay, that if we flogged dark skins we also flogged white skins for the same fault, and above all that we recognized abuse as punishable on either side, there would be no difficulty about labour *except* so far as it arose from the superior profit of the *petite culture*. Of course if a Bengalee or a black can get more by digging his own plot than by digging his master's plot, he digs his own plot in preference, and so does a Belgian. Every event, therefore, which increases the suspicion of the dark man that he is not to be fairly dealt with disinclines him to enter the organization of labour, and he can gratify this disinclination more easily than an Englishman. The latter wants meat, and clothes, and some modicum of liquor, and is penetrated to the very bone with a wish to get on, to do something his fathers did not do. The former is content with vegetables, does not care about clothes except for adornment—very wealthy men in India, men we mean with capitals of 50,000*l* and upwards, sit at home and in office nearly naked—regards liquor only as a luxury, and rather prefers on the whole not to get on, to be as his father was before him. The possibility of avoiding work being great, it is necessary that the attraction to work should be great too, and to this end good pay, certain pay, and equal justice, are absolutely essential. In Ireland, men were once found to work for sixpence a day, because the choice lay between that and starvation. *but in the tropics Nature has given man the benefit, or the curse, of a perpetual poor law, a prodigality of food which of itself establishes a minimum of wages.* A Bengalee will not take less than customary wages, whatever his need, because he knows that—while the sun shines and the waters flow and the soil steams with its own richness—poverty, however deep, cannot become actual starvation. To make him work he must either be lashed or be treated as to pay, exemption from blows, and language, very much like average Englishmen under decently good employers. It is because events like those in Jamaica arrest the derangement of the only relations between master and man which can exist

without slavery, that we approve the official decision to make a full and searching inquiry into the condition of the island.

From the Saturday Review.

#### EGYPT, ANCIENT AND MODERN.\*

THIS book is another proof of the vast and wholesome change that is gradually taking place in the learned literature of Germany. Although treating of a most abstruse subject, it is yet not only fit for human reading, but is absolutely one of the most interesting works which we have seen for some time. It consists of a series of essays or lectures delivered before a select circle in Berlin, during the last nine years, by Dr. Brugsch, the eminent Egyptologist. On changing his professorial chair at the Prussian University for his new official post at Cairo, he has published these essays as a farewell gift to his friends in Europe. They are divided into two parts, the first of which contains sketches and reminiscences of his journeys on the Nile, through the desert, and in the streets of Cairo. Teeming as these picturesque descriptions are with valuable and interesting remarks, we refrain from dwelling upon them. We prefer to reserve our space for the second part, in which the latest results of hieroglyphic science are put before us in so lucid and fascinating a manner that we are apt to forget at times how enormous were the labours which produced them.

The first essay of the second part is entitled "An Ancient Egyptian Fairy Tale; the Oldest Fairy Tale in the World." It is the first German, and altogether the first complete, version of the celebrated papyrus acquired by Mrs. D'Orbiney in 1852, which is now in the British Museum. Although, Dr. Brugsch says, the text has for years been before the learned world, nothing but extracts from it—of which we gave an account some time ago—have been translated as yet. And he adds quaintly, that this first version is not a philological trick nor altogether an offspring only of his own fancy. "My humble merit is confined simply and solely to the application to a given text of the rules of hieroglyphical grammar, which in these days have become the common property of science"—a statement of which the followers of Sir George

Cornwall Lewis will do well to make a note. This papyrus dates from the fourteenth century B.C., when Pharaoh Ramses Miamun, the founder of Pithom and Ramses, ruled at Thebes, and literature celebrated its highest triumphs at his brilliant court. Nine pre-eminent *savans* were attached to the person of this king, the contemporary of Moses. At their head stood, as "Master of the Rolls," a certain Kagabu, unrivalled in elegance of style and diction. It was he, probably, who officiated as Keeper at that vast Library at Thebes of which classical writers speak as having borne the inscription "*ψαλῆς λυρῶν*"—somewhat similar to Frederic II.'s inscription over the Royal Library at Berlin, "*Nutrimentum Spiritus*." This hieroglyphic document is the only one hitherto known which belongs to the world of fiction. Hymns, exhortations, historical records, accounts of journeys, general essays, eulogies on kings, and *bills*, form the general staple of that very brittle literature. Written expressly "*in usum Delphini*"—namely, for the Crown Prince, Seti Menephtha, son of Ramses II.—our papyrus bears the following critical note, or mark of official censorship:—"Found worthy to be wedded to the names of the Pharaonic Scribe Kagabu and the Scribe Hora and the Scribe Meremapu. Its author is the Scribe Annana, the proprietor of this scroll. May the God Toth guard all the words contained in this scroll from destruction!" In language and manner it resembles most of the productions of its classical period. It is lucid and clear, and though full of poetical fancy, yet simple and unaffected, reminding the reader occasionally of the grand simplicity in word and thought found in Scripture. It further resembles the latter in its occasional monotony and repetitions; both, however, drawbacks common to nearly all the early documents of different literatures. The tale itself is rather a curious one to be selected for the special reading of a young prince. Its "motive" is the same as in the story of Joseph and Potiphar's wife. The chief persons are two brothers and the wife of the elder one, who brings a false accusation against her young brother-in-law. The latter saves himself from his brother's wrath, and goes, aided by the Sun-God, through a peculiar transformation. The wife meets her well-deserved fate, and the two brothers are in the end restored to each other's esteem and love, and the elder becomes regent of Egypt. Apart from the general literary interest attaching to this relic of more than three thousand years ago—which gains a

\* *Aus dem Orient*. Von Heinrich Brugsch. Zwei Theile. Berlin: Grosse.

peculiar significance from the fact that it was first written and read at the very Court of Ramses II. at which Moses was educated — it incidentally reveals so much of the manners and customs, the notions and views, of that peculiar era of ancient Egypt, that we cannot be too grateful for its almost miraculous preservation.

Of more vital interest, however, are those hieroglyphic discoveries which enable us to trace the sojourn of the Israelites in Egypt, in its monuments. Almost all recent investigators of this subject agree that the time between the immigration and the Exodus formed part of one of the most glorious epochs of Pharaonic rule — namely, that of the eighteenth dynasty. For twenty centuries Egyptian sovereigns had held all the country in undisturbed possession, when suddenly, pushed by the Assyrians, Shemitic hordes broke into the Eastern Delta and seized upon it, gradually extending their dominion so as to make even the kings of Upper Egypt tributary. For more than five hundred years the Egyptians bore the yoke of these foreign conquerors — called in the inscriptions either “Amu,” *i. e.* “shepherds of oxen,” or “Aadu,” “detested, wicked ones” — whose kings held court at Tanis (Hauar, Avaris) in much prouder style than the Theban monarchs themselves.

Who were the gallant and skilful generals who, by a few bold strokes, reconquered the independence of Egypt, and expelled or utterly subdued the foreign population, is not known. But this reverse to the fortunes of the native Pharaohs happened, we know for certain, during that eighteenth Theban dynasty, and the three centuries that followed form the most flourishing period of Egyptian history. Egyptian armies penetrated into Palestine, marched along the Royal road by Gaza and Megiddo to the banks of the Euphrates and Tigris, made Babylon and Nineveh tributary, and erected their last victorious columns on the borders of Armenia, where, as the hieroglyphic texts have it, Heaven rests on its four pillars. No doubt these conquests in Asia, and the thousands and thousands of Shemitic prisoners whom the conquerors carried home as slaves, were looked upon in the light of reprisals for the long period of Shemitic oppression. Endless are the processions of figures on the gigantic and apparently indestructible temple walls erected by these wretched Asiatic prisoners, representing them in the act of carrying water to knead the mortar, forming bricks in wooden frames, spreading them out to dry in the sun, carrying them to the

buildings in the course of erection, and the like; all this being done under the eye of Egyptian officials lounging about armed with weighty sticks, while different inscriptions inform us of the nature of the special work done by these “prisoners whom the King has taken, that they might build temples to his gods.”

About the middle of the fifteenth century before our era, there arose a new dynasty, the nineteenth, at the head of which stands Rameses I. It is under the long rule of his grandson, Rameses II., who mounted the throne at about 1400, that we meet with the first monumental hints regarding the events recorded in Scripture. This Per-aa or Pher-ao — literally “High House” — who reigned sixty-six years, erected, so the hieroglyphical sources tell us, a chain of forts or fortified cities from Pelusium to Heliopolis, of which the two principal ones bore the names of “Rameses” and “Pach-tum,” our biblical “Pithom;” both situated in the present Wadi Tumilat, near the sweet-water canal that joined the Nile with the Red Sea. Papyri of the time of this “Pharaoh of the Exodus” give a glowing description of those new strongholds. In the Papyrus Anastasi (in the British Museum), the scribe Pinebsa reports to his superior, Amenemnaput, how very “sweet” and “incomparable” life is in Rameses, how “its plains swarm with people, its fields with birds, and its ponds and canals with fishes; how the meadows glitter with balmy flowers, the fruits taste like unto honey, and the corn-houses and barns overflow with grain.” This official further describes the splendid reception given to the king at his first entry (in the tenth year of his reign) into the new city, and how the people pressed forward to salute “him, great in victory.” We even find the very name of the Hebrews recorded in the official reports of the day. A papyrus in the Museum of Leyden contains the following, addressed by the scribe Kautsir to his superior, the scribe Bakenptah :—

May my Lord find satisfaction in my having complied with the instruction my Lord gave me, saying, Distribute the rations among the soldiers, and likewise among the *Hebrews* (Apuru) who carry the stones to the great city of King Rameses-Miamun, the lover of truth; [and who are] under the orders of the Captain of the police soldiers, Ameneman. I distribute the food among them monthly, according to the excellent instructions which my Lord has given me.

Similar distinct indications of the people



and their state of serfdom are found in another Leyden papyrus, and even in the long rock-inscription of Hamamât. Joseph had never been at the court of an Egyptian Pharaoh, but at that of one of those Shemite kings of Avaris-Tanis; and when, after the expulsion of this foreign dynasty and the quick extinction of the one which overthrew it, Rameses had come to the throne, it was natural enough that "he knew not Joseph."

The Exodus took place under Menephtes, the successor of that second Rameses in the sixth year of whose reign Moses probably was born. In the twenty-first year of his rule, Rameses had concluded a treaty with the Hittites, the text of which is found cut into a stone-wall at Thebes, and in which occurs the following important passage:—"If the subjects of King Rameses should come to the King of the Hittites, the King of the Hittites is not to receive them, but to force them to return to Rameses the King of Egypt." This sufficiently explains the fear expressed by the biblical Pharaoh, lest the people might "go up from the land." The Shemitic population, subdued and enslaved as they were, had one glowing desire only—to escape from Egypt, and join their brethren at home in their wars against the Pharaohs.

The name of Moses is now universally recognized to be of Egyptian origin. It is the *Mas* or *Massu* of rather frequent occurrence on the monuments, and means "child." A certain connection of Egyptian ideas with the Mosaic legislation, its sacrifices, purifications, &c., is also no longer questioned. But there is one most important monumental testimony, which is not sufficiently recognized yet, and which fully proves that to those far-famed Egyptian adepts of priestly wisdom the sublime doctrine of the Unity of the Deity was well known, and that the manifold forms of the Egyptian Pantheon were nothing but religious masks, so to speak—grotesque allegorical embodiments of that originally pure dogma communicated to the initiated in the Mysteries. And the initiated took their sublime Confession of Faith, inscribed upon a scroll, with them even into the grave. The name of the One God, however, is not mentioned on it, but is expressed only in the circumlocution, *Nuk pu Nuk*—"I am he who I am." Who does not instantly remember the awful "I am that I am" sounding from amid the flames of the bush?

We shall not further pursue these and similar points of high importance touched upon in the essay inscribed "Moses and the

Monuments," but turn to a chapter quaintly entitled "What the Stones are Saying." It is the vast and varied number of stone inscriptions found in Egyptian tombs of which Dr. Brugsch here treats. He finds the reason for the people dwelling during their lifetime in tents of mud, but erecting everlasting monuments for their corpses, in their firm conviction of the existence of another, an everlasting, world, to which this present one is merely the entrance-hall. While a general inscription on the walls of these tombs uniformly exhorts the living to praise the Deity gladly, to leave all earthly things behind when the parting moment arrives, and to pray for the dead, there are others upholding most characteristically the advantages and the high rank possessed by the *literatus* in comparison with all other ranks and professions. Thus many are found like the following:—

What does all this talk about an officer being better off than a scholar amount to? Just look at an officer's life, and see how manifold are his miseries. While still young he is shut up in a military school. He is there punished until they make his head to bleed; he is stretched out and beaten. After that, he is sent to the wars into Syria. He must wander on rocky heights, he has to carry his bread and drink suspended from his arm, like unto a beast of burden. The water he gets is foul. Then he is marched off to mount guard over the tent. After that, the enemy arrives and catches him, as in a mousetrap. Should he, however, be lucky enough to return to Egypt, he will only be like a worm-eaten block of wood. Should he be sick, he is put on a litter and carried on a donkey's back. His things, meanwhile, are stolen by thieves, and his attendants run away.

Truly a picture of an Egyptian soldier's life worthy of Joseph Bertha, *le Conscrit*. But other trades and professions fare no better when contrasted with the *savant's* noble state. There are similar caricatures from the farmer's or peasant's life, down to that of the barber, "who has to run from inn to inn to get customers." Out of this high opinion of, and eager desire for, literary education and refinement, there grew almost naturally an eminently high ethical and moral code of feeling. Take the following inscription over a tomb at El-Kalb, over four thousand years old:—"He loved his father, he honoured his mother, he loved his brother, and never left his house with an angry heart. A man of high position was never preferred by him to a humbler man." There are many traces even of that chivalrous deference to women which is always found in highly-cultivated nations. The



names of the husbands are more often omitted in the genealogical tablets than those of the "Ladies of the House," whose principal ornament, the stones record, was their "love to their wedded lords." They are called in the inscriptions—not generally given to poetic phraseology—"the beautiful palms, whose fruit was tender love," and the most glorious present accorded to the favourites of the Gods is "the esteem of men and the love of women."

The last chapter in the book is a valuable contribution to comparative Indo-Germanic mythology, treating of certain Sagas found

both in Firdusi and the Nibelungen, and of a number of mysterious customs and notions common to both Persians and Germans. Although this is no less replete with interesting facts and speculations than the foregoing essays, we cannot further enlarge upon it here. All we can do is once more to thank the eminent author, now dwelling in that land which already has revealed to him so many of its secrets, and to express the hope that, notwithstanding his many official and editorial occupations, he will find leisure again to speak to us thus pleasantly of Pharaonic scrolls and stones.

## CHRISTMAS.

[We adopt selections made by the *Boston Transcript*, whose good taste may always be depended upon.]

On Christmas eve the bells were rung;  
On Christmas eve the mass was sung;  
That only night, in all the year,  
Saw the stoled priest the chalice rear.  
Then opened wide the baron's hall,  
To vassal, tenant, serf, and all;  
Power laid his rod of rule aside,  
And ceremony doffed his pride.  
The heir, with roses in his shoes,  
That night might village partner choose.  
All hailed, with uncontrolled delight  
And general voice, the happy night  
That to the cottage, as the crown,  
Brought tidings of salvation down.  
England was merry England when  
Old Christmas brought his sports again.  
'Twas Christmas broach'd the mightiest ale;  
'Twas Christmas told the merriest tale;  
A Christmas gambol oft would cheer  
A poor man's heart through half the year.

## THE CHRISTMAS BELLS.

THE bells—the bells—the Christmas bells,  
How merrily they ring!

As if they felt the joy they tell  
To every human thing.  
The silvery tones, o'er vale and hill,  
Are swelling soft and clear,  
As, wave on wave, the tide of sound  
Fills the bright atmosphere.

The bells—the merry Christmas bells,  
They're ringing in the morn!  
They ring when in the eastern sky  
The golden light is born;  
They ring, as sunshine tips the hills,  
And gilds the village spire—  
When, through the sky, the sovereign  
Rolls his full orb of fire.

The Christmas bells—the Christmas bells,  
How merrily they ring!  
To weary hearts a pulse of joy,  
A kindlier life they bring.  
The poor man on his couch of straw,  
The rich, on downy bed,  
Hail the glad sounds, as voices sweet  
Of angels overhead.

The bells—the silvery Christmas bells,  
O'er many a mile they sound!  
And household tones are answering till,  
In thousand homes around,  
Voices of childhood, blithe and shrill,  
With youth's strong accents blend,  
And manhood's deep and earnest tone  
With woman's praise ascend.

The bells — the solemn Christmas bells,  
 They're calling us to prayer;  
 And hark, the voice of worshippers  
 Floats on the morning air.  
 Anthems of noblest praise there'll be,  
 And glorious hymns to-day,  
 TE DEUMS loud — and GLORIAS:  
 Come, to the church — away.

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OLD CHRISTMAS.

With footstep slow, in furry pall yclad,  
 His brows unwreathed with holly never sere,  
 Old Christmas comes, to close the wained  
 year;  
 And aye the shepherd's heart to make right  
 glad;  
 Who, when his teeming flocks are homeward  
 had,  
 To blazing hearth repairs, and nut brown beer,  
 And views well pleased the ruddy prattlers  
 dear  
 Hug the grey mungrel; meanwhile maid and  
 lad  
 Squabble for roasted crabs. Thee, Sire, we  
 hail,  
 Whether thine aged limbs thou dost enshroud  
 In vest of snowy white and hoary veil,  
 Or wrap'st thy visage in a sable cloud;  
 Thee we proclaim with mirth and cheer, nor  
 fail  
 To greet thee well with many a carol loud.  
 [Bamfylde.

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CHRIST INCARNATE.

*"Jam desinant suspiria."*

AWAY with sorrow's sigh,  
 Our prayers are heard on high;  
 And through Heaven's crystal door  
 On this our earthly floor  
 Comes meek-eyed Peace to walk with poor  
 mortality.

In dead of night profound,  
 There breaks a seraph sound  
 Of never-ending morn;  
 The Lord of glory born  
 Within a holy grot on this our sullen ground.

Now with that shepherd crowd,  
 If it might be allowed,  
 We fain would enter there  
 With awful hastening fear,  
 And kiss that cradle chaste in reverend worship  
 bowed.

O sight of strange surprise  
 That fills our gazing eyes;

A manger coldly strewed,  
 And swaddling bands so rude,  
 A leaning mother poor, and child that helpless  
 lies.

Art Thou, O wondrous sight,  
 Of lights the very Light,  
 Who holdest in Thy hand  
 The sky and sea and land, —  
 Who than the glorious heavens art more ex-  
 ceeding bright?

'Tis so; faith darts before,  
 And, through the cloud drawn o'er,  
 She sees the God of all,  
 Where angels prostrate fall,  
 Adoring tremble still, and trembling still adore.

No thunders round Thee break;  
 Yet doth Thy silence speak  
 From that Thy Teacher's seat,  
 To us around Thy feet,  
 To shun what flesh desires, what flesh abhors  
 to seek.

Within us, Babe divine,  
 Be born, and make us Thine;  
 Within our souls reveal  
 Thy love and power to heal;  
 Be born, and make our hearts Thy cradle and  
 Thy shrine.

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WONDERFUL NIGHT.

Wonderful night!  
 Angels and shining immortals,  
 Thronging thine ebony portals,  
 Fling out their banners of light:  
 Wonderful night!

Wonderful night!  
 Dreamed of by prophets and sages!  
 Manhood redeemed for all ages,  
 Welcomes thy hallowing night,  
 Wonderful night!

Wonderful night!  
 Down o'er the stars to restore us,  
 Leading His flame-winged chorus,  
 Comes the Eternal to sight: —  
 Wonderful night!

Wonderful night!  
 Sweet be thy rest to the weary,  
 Making the dull heart and dreary  
 Laugh in a dream of delight;  
 Wonderful night!

Wonderful night!  
 Let me, as long as life lingers,  
 Sing with the cherubim singers,  
 "Glory to God in the height,"  
 Wonderful night!

## A HYMN ON THE NATIVITY, OF MY SAVIOUR.

I SING the birth was born to-night,  
The Author both of life and light;  
The angels so did sound it.  
And like the ravished shepherds said,  
Who saw the light and were afraid,  
Yet searched, and true they found it.

The Son of God, th' Eternal King,  
That did us all salvation bring,  
And freed the soul from danger;  
He whom the whole world could not take,  
The Word which heaven and earth did make,  
Was now laid in a manger.

The Father's wisdom willed it so,  
The Son's obedience knew no No.  
Both wills were in one stature:  
And as that wisdom had decreed,  
The Word was now made flesh indeed,  
And took on Him our nature.

What comfort by Him do we win,  
Who made himself the price of sin,  
To make us heirs of glory!  
To see this babe all innocence,  
A martyr born in our defence:  
Can man forget this story?  
[Ben Jonson.

## A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

SWEET rest ye, happie Christians,  
'Tis earlie Christmas daye,  
When Christ our Lord and Savioure  
Became the sinner's staye.  
Arise, and for such benefits  
His precepts all obeye.  
Joyful tidings let us singe,  
Christ our refuge, Christ our kinge,  
To hallowe Christmas daye.

In Judah's lands, in Bethlehem,  
The lovlie babe was born,  
Upon a manger poordie laid,  
On Christmas happie morn.  
God speed ye, merrie gentlemen,  
And Christian grace adorn.  
Joyful tidings let us singe,  
Christ our refuge, Christ our kinge.  
To hallowe Christmas morn.  
[Stuart Farquharson.

HARK! what mean those holy voices,  
Sweetly sounding through the skies?  
Lo! the angelic host rejoices;  
Heavenly hallelujahs rise.  
Listen to the wondrous story,  
Which they chant in hymns of joy;—  
"Glory in the highest, glory!  
Glory be to God most high!

Christ is born, the Great Anointed,  
Heaven and earth His praises sing;  
O receive whom God appointed,  
For your Prophet, Priest, and King!"  
[Cawood.

## CHRISTMAS DAY.

*And suddenly there was with the Angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God.*—St. Luke ii. 13.

WHAT sudden blaze of song  
Spreads o'er th' expanse of Heaven?  
In waves of light it thrills along,  
Th' angelic signal given—  
"Glory to God!" from yonder central fire  
Flows out the echoing lay beyond the starry choir;

Like circles widening round  
Upon a clear blue river,  
Orb after orb, the wondrous sound  
Is choed on forever:  
"Glory to God on high, on earth be peace,  
And love towards men of love—salvation and release."

Yet stay, before thou dare  
To join that festal throng;  
Listen and mark what gentle air  
First stirr'd the tide of song;  
'Tis not "the Saviour born in David's home,  
To Whom for power and health obedient  
worlds should come:"—

'Tis not, "the Christ, the Lord:"—  
With fix'd adoring look  
The choir of Angels caught the word  
Nor yet their silence broke:  
But when they heard the sign, where Christ  
should be,  
In sudden light they shone and heavenly harmony.

Wrapp'd in His swaddling bands  
And in His manger laid,  
The Hope and Glory of all lands  
Is come to the world's aid:  
No peaceful home upon His cradle smiled,  
Guests rudely went and came, where slept the  
royal Child.

But where Thou dwellest, Lord,  
No other thought should be,  
Once duly welcom'd and ador'd,  
How should I part with Thee?  
Bethlehem must lose Thee soon, but Thou  
wilt grace  
The single heart to be Thy sure abiding place.

Thee, on the bosom laid  
Of a pure Virgin mind,  
In quiet ever, and in shade,

Shepherd and sage may find;  
They who have bow'd untaught to Nature's  
sway,  
And they, who follow Truth along her star-  
pav'd way.

The pastoral spirits first  
Approach Thee, Babe divine,  
For they in lowly thoughts are nurs'd,  
Meet for Thy lowly shrine:  
Sooner than they should miss where Thou  
dost dwell,  
Angels from Heaven will stoop to guide them  
to Thy cell.

Still as the day comes round  
For Thee to be revealed,  
By wakeful shepherds Thou art found,  
Abiding in the field.  
All through the wintry heaven and chill  
night air,  
In music and in light Thou dawnest on their  
prayer.

O faint not ye for fear—  
What though your wandering sheep,  
Reckless of what they see and hear,  
Lie lost in wilful sleep?  
High Heaven in mercy to your sad annoy  
Still greets you with glad tidings of immortal  
joy.

Think on th' eternal home,  
The Saviour left for you;  
Think on the Lord most holy, come  
To dwell with hearts untrue:  
So shall ye tread untir'd His pastoral ways,  
And in the darkness sing your carol of high  
praise.

## A PARODY.

TURKEYS! who on Christmas bled,  
Turkeys! who on corn have fed,  
Welcome to us now you're dead,  
And in the frost have hung.

Now's the day and now's the hour,  
Through the market how we scour,  
Seeking turkeys to devour,  
Turkeys old and young.

Who would be a turkey hen,  
Fed and fattened in a pen—  
Killed and eat by hungry men—  
Can you tell, I pray?

Lay the proud old turkeys low,  
Let the young ones run and grow,  
To market they're not fit to go  
Till next Christmas day.

## FOREFATHERS' DAY, 1865.

[On 22 December the returned Massachusetts soldiers marched in procession through the streets of Boston, carrying their tattered flags to the State-House, where they are to remain.]

THE crowded streets, in silence dead,  
Watched all our war-worn veterans tread  
The peaceful way—no loud acclaim  
Struck out the chord of praise or blame.

The tattered flags, the guidons torn,  
The splintered staff in battle borne,  
Told all the tale—the freed-land gave  
The word of welcome to the brave.

We could not speak. By each man's side  
Rose the dear comrade who had died.  
In crowded ranks, with noiseless tread,  
Marched the great army of our dead.  
*Boston Transcript.* E. L.

## THE POWER OF MUSIC.

THE MAN OF BUSINESS, RETURNING TO HIS  
MANSION, FINDETH HIS WIFE AT THE  
GRAND PIANO-FORTE.

SING to me, love, I need thy song,  
I need that thou should'st cheer me well,  
For everything is going wrong,  
And life appears an awful sell.  
I've overdrawn my banker's book,  
I'm teased for loans by brother John;  
Last night our clerk eloped, and took  
Two thousand pounds—sing on—sing on.

My partner proves a man of straw,  
And straw, alas! I dare not thrash;  
My mortgagee has gone to law,  
And swears he'll have his pound of flesh.  
My nephew's nose has just been split  
In some mad student fight at Bonn;  
My tailor serves me with a writ  
For three years' bills—sing on—sing on.

My doctor says I must not think,  
But go and spend a month at Ems;  
My coachman, overcome by drink,  
Near Barnes upset me in the Thames.  
My finest horse is ruined quite,  
And hath no leg to stand upon;  
The other's knees are such a sight,  
He'll never sell—sing on—sing on.

My love, no tears? I'll touch thee now:  
Thy parrot in our pond is drowned;  
Thy lap-dog met a furious cow,  
Whose horn hath saved thee many a pound;  
Thy son from Cambridge must retire  
For tying crackers to a don;  
Thy country-house last night took fire—  
It's down, sweet love—sing on—sing on.  
—Punch.